



Sed Carmine major imago



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Poems, &c.
Written upon several
OCCASIONS,
And to several
PERSONS:

BY
EDMOND WALLER, Esq;

The Sixth Edition with several Additions.
Never before Printed.

*Non ego mordaci distinxī carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato littera Mistā joco est.*

LONDON, Printed for H. Herringman, and sold by
Francis Saunders at the Blew-Anchor in the New-
Exchange; and Thomas Bennet at the Half-moon
in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1693.

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The Printer

TO THE

READER.



When the Author of these Verses
(Written only to please himself,
and such particular persons to
whom they were directed) return-
ed from abroad some years since,
He was troubled to find his name
in Print, but somewhat satisfied
to see his Lines so ill rendred that he might justly
disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer as one
did to an ill Reciter, ————— Male dum recitas;
incipit esse tuum. Having been ever since pressed to
correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in
Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer
was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favour
and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the
severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by
those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung
upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags (or such like
ugly things) upon their fairest Horses and other goodly
Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for
those

T H E P R I N T E R

those of a more Confin'd understanding, who pretend not to Censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (maim'd to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a Title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, That the aim of Orators, is Victory; of Historians, Truth; and of Poets, Admiration; He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues felt better than whole ones, and clipt and washt Money go about when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replyed, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publick, so might it find excuse from his Youth (the season it was produc'd in) And for what had been done since and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so chearfully to bear so great a Calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman,

————— Quem demisere Philippi
Decisis humilem pennis inopemque Patetni
Et Laris, & fundi —————

Whose

to the R E A D E R,

*Whose spreading wings the Civil war had clipt,
And him of his old Patrimony stript,*

Who yet not long after could say,

*Musis amicus Tristitiam & Metus
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis.——*

*They that acquainted with the Muses be,
Send care and sorrow by the Winds to Sea.*

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours (or pleas'd
with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity,
He has at last given us leave, To assure the Reader,
That the Poems which have been so long and so ill set
forth under his name, are here to be found as he first
writ them; as also to add some others which have
since been compos'd by him. And though his Advice to
the contrary might have discourag'd us, yet observing
how often they have been reprinted, what price they have
born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired
after, but especially of late, making good that of Horace,
——Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit; Some
Verses being (like some Wines) recommended to our
Taste by time and Age, we have adventur'd upon this
new and well corrected Edition, which for our own
sakes, as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than
be apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

Postscript.

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NOT having the same Argument as at first to perswade the Author that I might print his *Verses* more Correctly, which he found so ill done at his Return; I have now adventured, without giving him farther Trouble by importuning him for a new Permission, to Collect all that I can find, either left out of the former Edition, or such as have been since made by him; to which I am the more encouraged, because the first (tho' most of them were compos'd Fifty or Sixty years since (seem still New, which would be more strange in so changing a Language, had it not been by him improved, which may make one think it true that I have heard from some learn'd Criticks, that *Virgil* when he said——*Novae carmina pango*. Meant not *Verses* that were never seen before (for in that sense all at first are new) but such as he thought might be ever New. May these still appear to be so for the diversion of the Readers, and interest of

Their Humble Servant.



TO THE
K I N G

On His NAVY.

WHeree're thy Navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings,
The *French* and *Spaniard*, when thy Flags appear,
Forget their Hatred, and consent to fear.
So *Jove*. from *Ida* did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray,
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fishes sped,
The mighty still upon the smaller fed.
Thou on the deep imposest Nobler Laws,
And by that Justice hast remov'd the Cause

Of those rude Tempests, which for Rapine sent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.

Now shall the Ocean, as thy *Thames*, be free
From both those fates, of Storms, and Piracy:
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged Troops, or Pegasean Horse:

'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another Nation, as to touch our soil.

Should Natures Self invade the World again,
And o're the Center spread the liquid Main;
Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command.
Thy dreadful Fleet would style Thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o're the drowned Ball.

Those Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might go,
And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

The Worlds Restorer never could endure,
That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,

Whose

Whose Pride design'd that Fabrick to have stood
Above the reach of any second Flood:
To Thee his Chosen more indulgent he
Dares trust such Power with so much Piety.

*Of the danger His Majesty (being Prince)
escaped in the Road at Saint Andrews.*

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to *Spain*,
And reach't the sphere of his own power, the
(main;
With British bounty in his Ship he Feasts,
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watry Wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healts to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of Cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted shoar,
With loud resemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the seed of Cloud-compelling *Jove*.

While to his Harp Divine *Ariën* sings
 The Loves and Conquests of our *Albion* Kings,
 Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble song;
 Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young:
 He rent the Crown from vanquisht *Henry's* head:
 Rais'd the white Rose, and trampled on the Red;
 Till Love triumphing o're the Victor's pride,
 Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd side,
 Neglected *Warwick* (whose bold hand like fate,
 Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State)
 Wooes for his Master, and with double shame,
 Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
 The Lady *Bona*; whom just anger burns;
 And Foreign War with Civil Rage returns.
 Ah spare your Sword, where Beauty is to blame:
 Love gave th' Affront, & must repair the same: (eyes
 When *France* shall boast of her, whose conquering
 Have made the best of *English* hearts their prize:
 Have

Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the Counsels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret Wound, is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of Seas ensuing rage,
Which must anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge:
With painted Oars the Youths begin to sweep
Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden War
Between the Wind and Tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty Shepherds try
Their force at Foot-ball, care of Victory

Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast.
That their Encounter seem too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless Ball
Toft too and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds:
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britains still securely row'd;

Charles and his Virtue was their sacred load:
Than with a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good Boat this Tempest should out-live.
But storms encrease, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's Face
The rest resign their courage, skill and fight
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.

The gentle Vessel, wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of Silver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders Astonish'd in the angry main;
As *Titans* Car did, while the golden rain

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous Son,
When the whole World an equal hazard run
To this of ours; the light of whose desire.
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.
The impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That night (assisting) his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing:
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed Vessel doth the charge abide;
Only because assail'd on every side;
So Men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for hast, impeach their mad desire.

The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with fear;
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the Pleasures of their Court before.
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright:

Next to the power of making Tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

Great *Maro* could no greater Tempest feign ;
When the loud Winds usurping on the Main,
For angry *Juno*, labour'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*.
His bold *Æneas*, on like billows tost,
In a tall Ship, and all his Country lost,
Dissolves with fear ; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In Honourable fight : Our *Hero* set
In a small shallop ; fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flourish'd, wore ;
His Loyns yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the bud ; lets nothing fall
That argues Fear : If any thought annoys
The Gallant youth, 'tis Loves untasted joys,

And

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in *France*.
Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than she
That sprung out of his present foe, the Sea.
That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The Conquer'd Ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry *Thetis*, raise her waves above
Th' Heroick Princes Courage, or his Love;
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The shrine should perish, where that Image dwelt.

Ah Love forbid! the Noblest of thy Train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court;
All highly born, obsequious to her sport;
They Roses seem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their Beauties hide;

She

She the glad morning, which her beams does throw,
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so:
Like bright *Aurora*, whose refulgent Ray
Foretels the fervor of ensuing day;
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leafie shadows, from the threatned heat.

From *Cupids* strings, of many shafts that fled, (shed,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble fame had
As through the wondring world she flew, and told
Of his Adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid;
But loves first summons seldom are obey'd:
Light was the Wound; the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of *Jason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

And

And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
 What old *Musæus* so Divinely sung :
 Which Art with life and love did so inspire,
 That she discerns, and favours that desire,
 Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to
 And in *Leanders* danger pities him: (swim

Whose not new love alone, but fortune seeks
 To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.

For from the stern of some good Ship appears
 A friendly light, which moderates their fears :
 New courage from reviving hope they take,
 And climbing o'er the waves, that Taper make;
 On which the hope of all their Lives depends;
 As his on that fair *Hero's* hand extends.

The ship an anchor like a fixed Rock (knock;
 Break the proud Billows, which her large sides
 Whose rage restrained foaming higher swells,
 And from her Port the weary Barge repels

Threatning

Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be mov'd for our Sister States :
For *England* is the third successful throw.
And then the Genius of that Land they know :
Whose Prince must be (as their own Books devise)
Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies.

Well sung the *Roman* Bard; all humane things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.
O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of Heaven our joy, supported by a line :
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabrick of our World depends ;
One Link dissolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

*Of His Majesties receiving the News of the
Duke of Buckingham's Death.*

SO earnest with thy God, can no new care,
No sense of danger interrupt thy Prayer?
The sacred Wrestler till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
Nor was the stream of thy Devotions stopp'd;
When from the Body such a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim;
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold *Homer* durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern, of *Patroclus* slain;
With such amazement as weak Mothers use,
And frantick gesture, he receives the news:
Yet fell his Darling by the impartial chance
Of War, impos'd by Royal *Hector's* Launce;

Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous Painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a Prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a Veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a President as this,
Made the old Heathen frame their Gods amiss.
Their *Phæbus* should not act a sonder part
For their fair Boy, than he did for his Heart;
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his own (known,
That kept from him wished death; hadst thou been
He that with thine shall weigh good *David's* deeds
Shall find his Passion, not his Love exceeds.
He curst the Mountains where his brave friend dy'd
But let false *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
Where thy immortal Love to thy best Friends,
Like that of Heaven, upon their Seed descends.

Such

Such huge extreams inhabit thy great mind:
God-like, unmov'd; and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* His Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How some bright dame comprest by mighty *Jove*,
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

*To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of Her
Majesties Picture.*

WELL fare the hand, which to our humble sight
Presents that Beauty, which the dazzling
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes; (Light
And all access (save by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory; here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious Image seeming to give leave,

Propitious stands, vouching to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted,

Mighty Queen,

In whom the extreams of Power and Beauty move:
The Queen of *Britain*, and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal Glory to your Beauties light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So happy 'tis you move in such a sphere;
As your high Majesty with awful fear,
In humane Breasts might qualify that Fire,
Which kindled by those Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the scorched World like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nymphs have Title to men's Hearts,
But as their Meaness larger hope imparts:

Your

Your Beauty more the fondest Lover moves
With Admiration, than his private loves ;
With Admiration ; for a pitch so high
(Save sacred *Charles* his) never Love durst fly.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom, more than your command :
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole Worlds Mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals ; and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a Guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by Arms or Birth,
Equals Love's Empire, both in Heaven and Earth .
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himself have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own :
Witness our *Jove*, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame ;
When, like a Lion, finding in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey ;

The Royal youth pursuing the report
Of Beauty, found it in the Gallique Court.
There publique care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought :
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free Faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their Graces shroud,
And mixing with those gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-shine them all;
Or on his Journey o're the Mountains ride:
So when the fair *Leucothoe* he espy'd,
To check his steeds, impatient *Phæbus* earn'd;
Though all the World was in his course concern'd
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosome so:
Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes

Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
Nor shall, till Piety and they return.

*Upon His Majesties repairing of
Paul's.*

THat shipwrack vessel which th' Apostle bore
Scarce suffer'd more upon *Melitas* shore,
Than did his Temple in the Sea of time ;
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations crime)
When the first Monarch of this happy Isle.
Mov'd with the ruine of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious Son ;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes those Quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap :

For in his Art of Regiment is found
 A power, like that of Harmony in sound, (Kings,
 Those antique Minstrels sure were *Charles-like*
 Cities their Lutes, and Subjects Hearts their Strings;
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,
 Consent of motion from their breath they took.
 So all our minds with his conspire to grace
 The Gentiles great Apostle, and deface
 Those State-obscuring sheds, that like a Chain
 Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
 Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
 As once the Vip̄r from his sacred hand:
 So joys the aged Oak, when we divide
 The creeping Ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
 Of some new structure, to have born her name:
 Two distant Virtues in one act we find,
 The Modesty and Greatness of his mind;

Which

Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce; an earnest of his grand design
To frame no new Church, but the Old refine:
Which Spouse-like may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument or hand. (mand
For doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And War brings ruin where it should amend:
But Beauty with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome Sovereignty in rudest minds.
Not ought which *Sheba's* wondring Queen beheld
Amongst the works of *Solomon*, excell'd
His Ships and building; emblems of a Heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art.
While the propitious Heavens this work attend,
Long wanted showers they forget to send;

As if they meant to make it understood,
Of more importance than our vital food.

The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend;
The King built all, but *Charles* the Western-end
So proud a Fabrick to Devotion given,
At once it threatens and obliges Heaven.

Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise; *Troy* wall'd so high
Th' *Artides* might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To see such power employed in peaceful things
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

———*Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. Horat.

The Country to my Lady of Carlisle.

Madam,

OF all the sacred Muse inspired,
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply;
Their rude Inhabitants his Song admired,
And Natures self in those that could not lye.
Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
And warms us, shining through the thickest shades
Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring Court
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer and consent to that report,
Which Eccho-like the Country do's return:
Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs
Present th' impartial Images of things.
A Rural Judge dispos'd of Beauties prize,
A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to Jove;

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
 Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
 To plead for that, which was so justly given
 To the bright *Carlisle* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlisle! a Name which all our Woods are taught,
 Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;
Carlisle! a Name which on the Bark is wrought
 Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
 From *Phabus* rage, our shadows, and our Streams,
 May guard us better than from *Carlisles* Beams.

The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning.

When from black Clouds no part of Sky is ^{(clear,}
 But just so much as lets the Sun appear;
 Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
 Those Sable Vestments, and that Bright Aspect.

A spark of Virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made ;
Nor less advantage doth thy Beauty get,
A *Venus* rising from a Sea of Jet.
Such was th' appearance of new formed Light,
While yet it struggled with Eternal night.
Then mourn no more; lest thou admit encrease
Of Glory, by thy noble Lords Decease.
We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame
Mourn'd for *Anchises*; 'twas enough she came
To grace the Mortal with her deathless Bed,
And that his living Eyes such Beauty fed:
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Mens Hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the Funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well
Bright *Phabus* might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow; nothing stands
But power to grieve, except from thy commands.

If thou lament, thou must do so alone;
Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*.
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs
War he prevented, or soon made it cease, ^{(wring.}
Instructing Princes in the Arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrews Famous Court,
Had *Homer* sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learned at those stupenduous Feasts,
With great Bounty, and more sacred State
The Banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But O! what Elocution might he use,
What potent Charms that could so soon infuse
His absent Masters love into the Heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camillo* o're the waves to run
Into his arms; while the Parisian Dames
Mourn for their Ravish't glory: at their flames
No less amaz'd, than the amazed Stars,
When the bold Charmer of *Theſſalian* Wars
With Heaven it ſelf, and numbers does repeat
Which call deſcending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

*In answer to one who Writ againſt a
fair Lady.*

VVhat Fury has provok't thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede*, to wound the Queen of
Thy Miſtriſs's Envy, or thine own Deſpair? (Love,
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy Breſt did move
So blind a Rage, with ſuch a different Fate;
He Honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt Hate.

She

She gave assistance to his Trojan Foe ;
Thou that without a Rival thou mayest love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the Gazing world does move.

Canst thou not be content to Love alone,
Or is thy Mistress not content with one ?
Hast thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* shield,
Which but disclos'd, amazed the weaker eyes ?
Of proudest Foes, and won the doubtful Field ?
So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.

Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book,
All were confuted with one Radiant look.
Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies,
Rewarding *Phæbus*, for inspiring so
His noble Brain, by likening to those Eyes
His joyful Beams: But *Phæbus* is thy Foe,
And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight;
So ill thou Rhim'st against so fair a Light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys Picture.

SUCH was *Philoclea*, such *Mucidorus* Flame;
The matchless *Sidney* that immortal Frame
Of perfect Beauty on two Pillars plac't ,
Not his high Fancy could one pattern grac't
With such extreams of Excellence compose,
Wonders so distant in one Face disclose:
Such cheerful Modesty, such humble State,
Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate :
As when beyond our Greedy reach we see,
Inviting Fruit on too sublime a Tree.
All the rich Flow'rs through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we see, in this one Garland bound.
Had but this Copy, which the Artist took
From the fair Picture of that noble Book,

Stood

Stood at *Calanders* ; the brave friends had jarr'd
And Rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just nature first instructed by his thought,
In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
So much his Blood is nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike,

R Are *Artisan*! whose pensil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty we,
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so :
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her name that has his Heart.

Another

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that Face,
Where now he reads new hopes of Grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find;
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the Ashes of Despair
From the reviving Brand of care:
Fool that forgets her stubborn look,
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange that thy Hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a Face.
May'st thou yet thy self as well,
As all the world besides, excel;
So you th' unfeigned Truth rehearse;
That I may make it Live in Verse

Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That Face to after-times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll Forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliss,
And frequent sight of such a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still?
When Natures self so often errs:
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the Race of Women Fair;
Yet never could a perfect Birth
Produce before to grace the Earth,
Which waxed old, ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy Art and Thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal Colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose
In Lillies, or the Fading Rose?
No, for this Theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases.

N O wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies
To bath himself in *Sacharissa's* eyes;
As fair *Astrea* once from Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven:
So with our Plaints offended and our Tears,
Wife *Somnus* to that Paradise repairs,
Waits on her will and wretches do's forsake
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches wake

More proud then *Phabus* of his Throne of Gold
 Is the soft God, those softer Limbs to hold;
 Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
 In darkning Clouds, the power to close her eyes,
 Eyes which so far all other Lights controul,
 They warm our Mortal parts, but these our Soul
 Let her free Spirit, whose unconquer'd Breast
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
 Know, that though *Venus* and her Son should spare
 Her Rebel Heart, and never teach her Care;
 Yet *Hymen* may inforce her vigils keep,
 And for anothers Joy suspend her Sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being Painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night
 With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia's* light

The

The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Mistress of the Skies:
So with the news of *Sacharissa's* wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues;
Call Love to witness, that no painted Fire
Can scorch Men so, or kindle such desire:
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new Malice, than our Loves before;
But from the height of her great Mind looks down
On both our passions, without Smile or Frown:
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright Dame, whom Heaven affected so
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand w^{ch} spreads
Like Glorious Colours thro' the Flowry Meads;

When lavish Nature with her best Attire
Cloaths the gay Spring, the season of desire;
Paints her 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same Art wherewith she paints the Morn:

With the same Art, wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted Clouds which form *Thaumasius* bow.

Of her passing through a crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks, together crush'd and
The Sun his light no further could extend ^{(bruis'd:}
Than the next hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sacharissa* far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her Guard:
As Ships though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this disorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast.
While love insults, disguised in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Croud.

So the amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
 Just distance keeps from his desired Palm:
 But when the Wind her ravish'd Branches throws
 Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;
 Though loath he seems her tender leaves to press
 More loath he is that Friendly storm should cease,
 From whose rude Bounty, he the double use
 At once receives, of Pleasure and Excuse.

The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.

T*Hirsis* a Youth of the inspired Train,
 Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 Like *Phæbus* sung the no less amorous Boy;
 Like *Daphne* she as lovely and as Coy:
 With numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,
 With numbers such as *Phæbus* self might use.
 Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
 O're craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads;

Invok'd to testifie the Lover's care,
 Or form some Image of his cruel fair:
 Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
 O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,
 Had reach't the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay;
 Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong
 Attend his passion, and approve his Song.

Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

Fabula Phæbi & Daphnes.

A *Readia juvenis Thirsis, Phæbique Sacerdos,*
Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore:
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:

Carminibus Phæbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua; formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat:
Audiit illa procul miserum, ætheramque sonantem,
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quasitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapsa reperet Daphni sua laurea Phæbus.

Of Mrs. Arden.

Behold, and listen, while the fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
 And with her own breath fans the Fire
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
 What reason can that Love controul,
 Which more than one way courts the Soul?

So when a flash of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the danger calls
For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
To Conquer, though from Heaven it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire;
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

To Amoret.

FAir, that you may truly know
What you unto *Therfis* owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa Love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest Eyes on *Amoret* :
But with wonder I am strook,
When I on the other look.

If sweet *Amoret* complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for *Sacharissa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my self is mine,
Lovely *Amoret*, is thine;
Sacharissa's Captive fain
Would untie his Iron chain;

And those scorching Beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free Election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty *Sacharissa's* scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controuls our Wills in Love,

If not Love, a strong desire
To create and spread that Fire
In my Breast, solicites me
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement, more than Love,
Which her radiant eyes do move;
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,

I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That High Flame, as to enjoy:
Which, how easily I may do
Heaven (as easily scal'd) does know.
Amoret, as sweet and good
As the most delicious Food,

Which

Which but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the Heart:
Sacharissa's beautie's Wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is Mortal, can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The Devotion, which I use
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send:
So that if it could take end;
'Twould to Heaven it self be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a Flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than Love.

On the Head of a Stag.

SO we some antique *Hero's* strength
Learn by his Launces weight and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest:
Such Game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did pursue.
What Huntsman of our feeble Race,
Or Dogs, dare such a Monster chase?
Resembling with each blow he strikes
The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;

Which

Which might it never have been cast,
Each years growth added to the last,
These lofty Branches had supply'd
The Earths bold Son's prodigious Pride;
Heaven with these Engines had been scal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in the Garden.

SEES not my Love, how time resumes
The Glory which he lent these Flow'rs?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours.

Had *Hellen* or the Egyptian Queen,
Been near so thrifty of their Graces;
Those Beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should

Should some malignant Planet bring
 A barren drought, or ceaseless Show'r
 Upon the Autumn, or the Spring,
 And spare us neither Fruit nor Flow'r;
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of Loves neglect
 Preserve you from the violation
 Of coming years, then more respect
 Were due to so Divine a fashion;
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Misers Speech in a Masque.

Balls of this Metal slack'd Atlanta's pace,
 And on the Amorous Youth bestow'd the Race:
Venus, the Nymphs mind measuring by her own,
 Whom the rich spoils of Cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to *Mars*, could well advise
 Th'adventurous Lover how to gain the prize.

Nor

Nor less may *Jupiter* to Gold ascribe;
 For when he turn'd himself into a Bribe,
 Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
 That they withstood not that Almighty show'r?
 Never till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
 A form more bright, and Nobler than his own:
 Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
 That slack Devotion should his Thunder scape.
 'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo's* wrong,
 Those Asses ears on *Mida's* Temples hung:
 But fond Repentance of his happy wish,
 Because his Meat grew Metal like his Dish.
 Would *Bacchus* bless me so; I'de constant hold
 Unto my wish, and dye Creating Gold.

On the Friendship betwixt two Ladies.

Tell me Lovely loving Pair,
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to your selves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul;
While the Boys deluded Darts,
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either Breast
Still beguiled Loves does come;
Where he finds a forreign Guest,
Neither of your Hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay;

That

That they may the Law decline;
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver Doves that flie,
Yoakt in *Citharea's* Car ;

Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her Son so far,

Are so Lovely, Sweet, and Fair,
Or do more ennoble Love,
Are so choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

Of her Chamber.

They taste of death that do at Heaven arrive ;
But we this Paradise approach alive.

Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike :

The high in Titles, and the Shepherd here,
Forgets his Greatness, and forgets his Fear:
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Lose thought of what themselves, or others are;
Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save *Carlisle's* Favour to implore their Hope.
The *Thracian* could (tho' all those Tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater Wonders do;
Before his Feet, so Sheep and Lions lay
Fearless and Wrathless, while they heard him play:
The Gay, the Wise, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one Passion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his.
Whilst she with cheerful, but impartial Grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the Race
Of Men) like *Phæbus*, so divides her light,
And warms us, that, she stoops not from her height.

Of Loving at first Sight.

NOT caring to observe the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch'd from my self, how far behind,
Already I behold the shoar!

May not a Thousand Dangers sleep
In the smooth bosome of this deep?
No: 'Tis so Rockless and so Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things, not torn
From shipwrack'd Vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace,
Which Time and Use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her Face.

Some other Nymphs with Colours faint,
 And pencil flow may *Cupid* paint,
 And a weak heart in time destroy;
 She has a stamp, and prints the Boy,
 Can with a single look inflame
 The coldest Breast, the rudest tame.

The Self Banished.

IT is not that I love you less
 Than when before your feet I lay:
 But to prevent the sad encrease
 Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every thing
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your form does to my Fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the New Sun,
Already has a Fever got;
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which *Phæbus* through his veins has shot;
Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banisht servant trouble you:
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too.

S O N G.

GO lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,

E 3

That

That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be,
 Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In Desarts, where no Men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dyed.

Small is the worth
 Of Beauty from the light retir'd;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer her self to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she,
 The common fate of all things rare,
 May read in thee;

How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Thirsis, Galatea.

Th. **A**S lately I on Silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the Bank I spy'd:
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine;
And thus she grac'd me with a Voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your sounding Strings so
Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell; (well
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Th. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no
Nor ought to be concerned in your care: (share,
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew,
And to my Aid invoke no Muse but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your Song augment our
Which is so great, as not to wish relief: (grief,
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance,
To all the joys this Island could afford,
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord:
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble blood,
And in high Grace with *Gloriana* stood;
Her Bounty, Sweetness, Beauty, Goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her.
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well she acted in this span of life,
That though few years (too few alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in Beauty, old,
As unripe Fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the Tree, which grieves no less to leave

The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until Autumn, on the Bough should grow :
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc't,
Or from so fair, so sweet a seat divorc't.
Her fate at once did hasty seem and flow,
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn :
What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize
Is soon removed from our wondring eyes.
But since the Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a Thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe sad Nymph to let me know the Dame
And to the Muses I'll commend her name,
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,
The listning Trees and savage Mountains groan :
What rocks not mov'd when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

'Twas

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton*, whom I had nam'd before
But naming her, Grief lets me say no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Islands.

Cant. I.

*What Fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon those late discovered Isles.*

Aid me *Bellona*; while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing, advent'rous toyl,
And how these Monsters did disarm an Isle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know
That happy Island, where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th' *Hesperian* Garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound,
On the Rich Shore, of *Amber-greece* is found:

The lofty Cedar, which to Heaven aspires,
The Prince of Trees, is fuel for their Fires :
The smoak by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might, on Sacred Altars burn :
Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn,
The sweet *Palmettas* a new *Bacchus* yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield :
Under the shadow of whose friendly Boughs
They sit carowing, where their Liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* show,
With the rare Fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage the Mistriss of so rich a soil.
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons every year,
Their barren tops with luscious Food abound,
And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd ;

Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
 To *English* Land-lords as their Tribute pay:
 Such is the Mould, that the Blest Tenant feeds
 On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:
 With candid Plantines, and the juicy Pine,
 On choicest Melons and sweet Grapes they dine }
 And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine. }
 Nature these Cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our courser Land
 Tastes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
 Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn:
 For the kind Spring which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
 Ripe Fruits and blossoms on the same Trees live:
 At once they promise, what at once they give:
 So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime;
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
 - Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,

To shew how all things were Created first.
The tardy Plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
Reserve their Fruit for the next ages taste:
There a small grain in some few Months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree:
The *Palma Christi*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a seed (preventing Natures law)
In half the Circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruit do wear:
And as their Trees in our dull Region set
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarser Throats
Utter unripe and ill constrained Notes:
Where the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
O, how I long! my careless Limbs to lay
Under the Plantanes shade, and all the day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,

Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
 No passion there in my free breast should move,
 None but the sweet and best of passions, Love:
 There while I sing, if gentle Love be by
 That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings so high
 With the sweet sound of *Sacharissa's* name,
 I'll make the listning Savages grow tame.

But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto I I.

*Of their alarm, and how their Foes
 Discovered were, this Canto shows.*

THough Rocks so high about this Island rise
 That well they may th' num'rous Turk despise
 Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear, (hear
 Which shakes their hearts, while thro' the Isle they

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may
At length Two Monsters of unequal size, ^{(grow:}
Hard by the shoar a Fisher-man espies ;
Two mighty Whales, which swelling Seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky Coast ;
One as a Mountain vast, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame :
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls, and rag'd :
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murdered on the shore,
By the wild fury of some Tempest cast
The fate of ships and shipwrackt men to taste,
As careless Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay :

So

So there sometimes the raging Ocean fails,
 And her own Brood exposes; when the Whales
 Against sharp Rocks like reeling Vessels quash'd,
 Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
 Along the shore their dreadful Limbs lie scatter'd,
 Like Hills with Earthquakes shaken, torn & shatter'd.
 Hearts sure of Brass they had, who tempted first,
 Rude Seas that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.

The welcom News through all the Nation spread,

To sudden joy and hope converts their dread.

What lately was their publick terror, they
 Behold with glad Eyes as a certain prey;
 Dispose already of the untaken spoil,
 And as the purchase of their future toil,
 These share the Bones, and they divide the Oyl; }
 So was the Huntsman by the Bear oppress'd,
 Whose Hide he sold before he caught the Beast.

They

They man their Boats, and all their young men
With whatsoever may the Monsters harm; (arm
Pikes, Halberts, Spits, and Darts that wound so far,
The Tools of Peace, and Instruments of War:
Now was the time for vig'rous Lads to shew
What love or honor could invite them too;
A goodly Theatre where Rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely Lasses crown'd :
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* share :
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British Peers ;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And thro' the new world spread his growing fame,
But how they fought, & what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto III.

The bloody fight, successful toyl;

And how the Fishes sack'd the Isle

THe Boat which on the first assault did go,
 Struck with a harping Iron the younger foe;
 Who when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
 Loud as the Sea that nourish't him he roar'd.
 As a broad Bream to please some curious tast,
 While yet alive in boyling water cast,
 Vex't with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
 The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out:
 So with the barbed Javeling stung, he raves,
 And scourges with his tayl the suffering waves:
 Like *Spencer's Talus* with his Iron flayl;
 He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tayl;

Disolving

Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd Boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the Moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger Whale like some huge Carrack lay
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her foes to play,
Slowly she swims, and when provok'd she wo'd
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud;
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave

This sees the Cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tayl confounds.
Their forces joyned, the Seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this Cub away:
Their wish they have; he to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they hither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
A pris'ner there, but for his mothers sake,
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Lances spent; and bolder than the rest
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast
Her oily side devours both blade and hest,
And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake :
Blood flows in Rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,

And

And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw
To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monster
Thus drest, she had another Island been. (seen
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
(As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the field is won)
To reach the cars of her escaped son.
He (though a league removed from the fo)
Hastes to her aid; the pious Trojan so
Neglecting for *Crensus* life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning Town.
The men amazed blush to see the seed
Of monsters, human piety exceed:

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians sung
That Loves bright mother from the ocean sprung
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore again,
Thro' Rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the main.
But how inſtructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with Monſters find
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her couragious ſon protected ſo ;
They charge their Muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of full revenge, renew the fight with fire :
Standing aloof, with lead they bruife the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh of the incenſed Whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend
For the loud Engines which their Iſle defend.

But what those pieces fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on those mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who sends
A tyde so high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the Monsters lost, and they their Arms

S O N G.

PEace, babling Muse,

I dare not sing what you indite;

Her eyes refuse

To read the passion which they write;

She strikes my Lute, but if it sound,

Threatens to hurl it on the ground:

And I no less her anger dread,

Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,

While some fierce Lion does embrace

His breathless corps, and licks his face;

Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of Love.

Anger in hasty words or blows,
It self discharges on our foes,
And sorrow too finds some relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordred, tremble, fawn and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud,
Who first the gen'rous Steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life and force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With Tyrants force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoyl and kill:
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no less Rigor here.

Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty Lassies bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Prefer'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear.

All to one Female Idol bend,
Whil'st her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more Majestique Queen,
Or humbler slaves he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty love; that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there, his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry

Invades

Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out flies the wind.

To Phillis.

P*hillis*, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb,
Gods that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phillis

Phillis, to this truth we owe,
 All the love berwixt us two :
 Let not you and I require,
 What has been our past desire;
 On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
 Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
 Leave it to the Planets too,
 What we shall hereafter do;
 For the joys we now may prove,
 Take advice of present love.

To Phillis.

P*Hillis*, 'twas love that injur'd you,
 And on that Rock your *Thirsis* threw,
 Who for proud *Calia* could have dy'd,
 Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows:

From foes discharg'd as often meet
The shining points of Arrows fleet,
In the wide Air creating fire,
As souls that joyn in one desire.

Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish Beasts.
Prefer'd to sleeping on her Breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Carliles* conquering eyes,
Which she regards no more than they,
The tears of lesser beauties weigh:
So have I seen the lost Clouds pour,
Into the Sea a useless shower,
And the vex'd Sailors curse the rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phyllis*, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

But

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* flight
Of Love, still flying or in chase,
Never encount'ring face to face;
No more to love we'll sacrifice:
But to the best of Deities:
And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother be combin'd.

S O N G.

W Hile I listen to thy voice,
(*Chloris*) I feel my life decay,
That powerful noise
Calls my fitting soul away.
Oh! suppress that Magick sound,
Which destroys without a wound:

Peace *Chloris*, peace, or singing die;
That together you and I,
To Heaven may go:
For all we know,
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

S O N G.

Stay *Phæbus*, stay,
The world to which you flie so fast,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your halt,
With no such object, nor salute your rise
With no such wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes.

Well do's this prove,
The error of those antique books,
Which made you move,
About the world; her charming looks

Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

To Amoret.

A *Moret*, the milky way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars,
The smooth stream where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell me where thy strength does lie;
Where the power that charms us so,
In thy Soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done:
Yet thy waste is streight and clean,

As *Cupid's* shaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

BRave *Holland* leads, & with him *Falkland* goes:
Who hears this told, and does not straight
We send the Graces and the Muses forth, ^{(suppose}
To Civilize, and to Instruct the *North*?
Not that these Ornaments make swords less sharp,
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the Sacred Virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and cast th' ambitious Giants down.

Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twist
Bays with that Ivy, which so early kist

Thy youthful Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of War and thee:
To Fate exposing that all-knowing breast,
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the same Ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the Ocean blow

This Tempest yet, which frights our Island
Guarded with Ships, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is throw

In a late Dream the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair *Hebrew* stand,
When first she felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of Civil War:
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood

To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our Arms.

A Lion so with self-provoking smart,
His rebel tail scourging his Nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For Drinking of Healths.

Let Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent Mistress guides our sprights,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites;
She would our Care as well as Thirst redress,
And with Divinity rewards excess:
Deserted *Ariadne* thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theseus* cruelty deride;

Bacchus imbrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.

Bacchus and *Phæbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by others timely heat supply'd :
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.

Wine fills the Veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a Title to our Blood :
Who naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do

On my Lady Isabella playing on the Lute

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch
So unconcern'd her self, and we so much !
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns.
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their Joy for every kiss aloud :

Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too:
Here Loves takes stand, and while she charms the
Empties his quiver on the list'ning Deer; (car,
Musick so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her self the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with Harp in hand survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burnt he play'd.

*To a Lady singing a Song of his
Composing.*

CHorus your self you so excel
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That like a spirit with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had eccho with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus's loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As she deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame,
And measure out this only Dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care;
Over whose heads those Arrows flie
Of sad distrust and Jealousie;
Secured in as high extreame,
As if the World held none but them.

To him the fairest Nymphs do show
Like moving Mountains topt with snow;
And every Man a *Polypheme*
Does to his *Galatea* seem;
None may presume her Faith to prove,
He profers Death that profers Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us,
Creating for our selves us two,
As Love has me for only you,

Love's farewell.

T Reading the path to Nobler Ends,
A long farewell to love I gave;
Resolv'd my Country and my Friends
All that remain'd of me should have;
And this Resolve no mortal Dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown.
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private Fires,
Crown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven endure,

From

From a Child.

Madam,

AS in some Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load
Before our Violets dare look abroad:
So measure not by any common use,
The early Love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in womens weed,
Wrap't my glad head, I wish't me so indeed,
That hasty Time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now;
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think your self too kind,
Who now I fear while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less;

The

The sound of Love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard it self, though but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new fal'n snow.

On a Girdle.

THat which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extreamest Sphear,
The pale which held that lovely Dear;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give

Give me but what this Riban bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep.

*For not approaching the Lady, who can do
any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.*

MY charge it is those breaches to repair
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil and
Rest to the Limbs, and quiet I confer (care :
On troubled minds ; but naught can add to her,
Whom Heaven and her transcendant thoughts have (plac'd
Above those ills, which wretched Mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy She
From all that may infringe delight, is free:
Love at her Royal Feet his quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haste obeys.

Such

Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What Dream can I present to recompence?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command:
Or place her in *Olympus* top, a guest
Among th' immortals, who with Nectar feast:
That power would seem, that entertainment short
Of the true splendor of her present Court;
Where all the joys and all the Glories are
Of three great Kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No Cloud in so serene a Mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain supplies;
That Christal Heaven, where *Phæbus* never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his Face in Clouds.

But

But what so hard which numbers cannot force?
So stoops the Moon, and Rivers change their course:
The bold *Meonian* made me dare to steep
Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my power,
I shall no more decline that Sacred Bower,
Where *Gloriana* their great Mistress lies,
But gently taming those victorious Eyes,
Charm all her senses; till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his course has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

At Pens-hurst.

WHile in the Park I sing, the list'ning Deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their Heads as if they felt the same:

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel Soul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heav'n.
Loves Foe profest, why dost thou falsely feign
Thy self a *Sidney*? from which Noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high desire,
Seems but the smoak of amorous *Sydneys* fire.
Nor call her Mother, who so well do's prove.
One breast may hold both Chastity and Love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive; to no humane stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of such stern Beauty, plac'd those healing springs,
Which not more help, than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song,
With thee conspires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not my self to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still foment the Fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire.

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just *Apollo*, President of Verse:
Highly concerned, that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me, on yon aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hie thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at least may with this passion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble Swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
 And from the Winds and Tempests does expect
 A milder fate, than from her cold neglect:
 Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice; and vows this endless Love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

HAd *Sacharissa* liv'd when Mortals made
 Choice of their Deities, this Sacred shade
 Had held an Altar to her power, that gave
 The Peace and Glory which these allays have:
 Embroidered so with Flowers where she stood,
 That it became a Garden of a Wood:
 Her presence has such more than humane Grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place;

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'r intended it, nor Art.
The Plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No less than those of old, did *Orpheus's* Liré:
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-Marshal'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmery of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchless Dame,
That if together ye fed all one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart,
Go Boy, and carve this passion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which stands the sacred mark

Of noble *Sidneys* birth ; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine ;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble Love :
His humble Love, whose hope shall ne'r rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

Not that thy Trees at *Pens-hurst* groan
Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad :
They to delight his tast or eye,
Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
Whose Arrows they would gladly slain :

No, nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France*, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of publick and domestick care.

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of *Thetis's Son*,
For which such stern debate did rise,
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,
Those Achive Peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of Beauty which begun
To warm us so when thou wert here,

Now scorches like the raging Sun
When *Syrius* does first appear.

O fix this Flame, and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care!

To a very young Lady.

VVHy came I so untimely forth
Into a World, which wanting thee
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity?

That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love.

Yet fairest blossom, do not slight
That age which you may know so soon;
The Rosie Morn resigns her light,
And milder Glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning Beauty warms us so?

upon several occasions.

101

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not lookt on as a time
Of declination or decay.

For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

S O N G.

Say lovely dream, where could'st thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this Glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In Heaven it self thou sure wer't drest
With that Angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed Eyes.

H 3

But

But ah! this Image is too kind

To be other than a dream!

Cruel *Sacharissa's* Mind

Never put on that sweet extream.

Fair dream, if thou intend'st me grace,

Change that Heavenly face of thine;

Paint despis'd Love in thy face,

And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meagre let it look,

With a pity-moving shape,

Such as wander by the Brook

Of *Lethe*, or from graves escape:

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,

In whose shape thou shinest so,

Softly in her sleeping car,

With humble words express my wo,

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride,

Thus surpris'd she may fall :

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And death resembling equals all.

S O N G.

BEhold the brand of Beauty tost ;

See how the motion does dilate the Flame :

Delighted Love his spoils does boast,

And triumph in this game.

Fire to no place confin'd,

Is both our wonder and our fear,

Moving the mind,

As Lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encrease

Of all her shining lamps this artful way ;

The Sun in Figures such as these
Joys with the Moon to play.
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres;
As this Nymphs dance,
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

On the discovery of a Ladies Painting.

P*igmaleon's* fate revert is mine.
His marble Love took flesh and Bloud;
All that I worshipt as Divine,
That Beauty now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his Wife.

As Women yet who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,

Although

Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold do danger near,
A shaking through their Limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the Beauty do appear
No Beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narcissus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The sign of Beauty feeds my fire:
No mortal Flame was e're so cruel
As this which thus survives the fuel.

*To a Lady from whom he received a
Silver Pen.*

Madam,

INtending to have try'd
The Silver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the fable wave :
When griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon ;
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrought,
Instructed by her Noble thought?

I that

I that expressed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble stile
Some meaner Beauty to beguile.
So I, the wronged Pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship in these:
And now 'tis forced to confess,
That your great self did ne're indite,
Nor that to one more Noble write.

*On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by
four Ladies.*

TWICE Twenty slender Virgin fingers twine
This curious Web, where all their fancies shine;

As

As Nature Them, so they this shade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not *Juno's* Bird, when his fair train dispread,
He wooes the Female to his painted bed;
No not the bow which so adorns the Skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

*To my Lord of Northumberland upon the
death of his Lady.*

TO this great loss a Sea of Tears is due;
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those show'rs the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dries
Her sole child dead, the tender Mothers eyes)

Your

Your minds relief, where reason triumphs so
 Over all passions, that they ne'r could grow
 Beyond their limits in your Noble Breast,
 To harm another, or impeach your rest.
 This we observ'd, delighting to obey
 One who did never from his great self stray:
 Whose mild example seemed to engage
 Th' obsequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
 The brave *Emilius*, his great charge laid down,
 (The force of *Rome*, and Fate of *Macedon*)
 In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
 Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
 Before *Rome's* people: we did oft implore
 That if the Heav'ns had any bad in store
 For your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
 On his own house, and let you flourish still.
 You on the barren Seas (my Lord) have spent,
 Whole Springs and Summers, to the publick lent,
 Suspend

Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shortned the short joy of such a wife:
For which your Countrey's more obliged, then
For many lives of old, less-happy men.
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of Youth and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this cross,
Since publick persons only publick loss
Ought to affect: and though her form and youth
Her application to your Will and Truth,
That noble Sweetness, and that humble State
All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate,
Might give excuse to any common Breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress;
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd

upon several occasions.

III

To the last Act ; it is enough, her Stone
May honoured be with Superscription
Of the sole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

*To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickness
and Recovery.*

With joy like ours, the *Thracian* youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elizian* shades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his stay implore,
Make it their publick suit, he would no more
Desert them so, and for his Spouses sake,
His vanished Love, tempt the *Lethæan* Lake:
The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair *Euridice* succeed :

Euridice

Euridice, for whom his num'rous moan
Makes listning Trees, and salvage Mountains groan,
Through all the Air his founding strings dilate
Sorrow, like that which toucht our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation spread, 'twas fear'd by a^{ll}
That our Great *Charles* whose wisdom shines in you^r
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst, it gave our souls relief:
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature, (her fairest lights eclipsed,) seems
Her self to suffer in those sharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the World admires.

The stemm thus threatned, and rhe sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health intend:
As Lillies over charg'd with Rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, & and with high Heaven con
Fold thee within their snowy Army and cry (tend;
He is too faultless and too young to die:
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd again?

Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go
Though to be blest? o'er her *Adonis* so
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious shower
Of her warm tears cherisht the springing Flow'r.

The next support fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that Noble frame,

By loss of time would no advantage have,
But step by step pursues thee to the grave.

And now relentless fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend,
Th' antick stock at which still World supplies
With bravest Spirits, and with brightest Eyes,
Kind *Phæbus* interposing, bid me say
Such storms no more shall shake that house, but they
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neece, shall be
The shining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our age
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick rage.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So ample thence the common end
Of giving Lovers, to pretend.

Hence to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy Beauties to impair; for Heaven
Sollicites thee with such a care,
As Roses from their stalks we tear,
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear:
And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair Lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright guest your soul, appear.
 So Nymphs o're pathless Mountains born,
 There light Robes by the Brambles torn
 From their fair Limbs, exposing new
 And unknown Beauties to the view
 Of following gods, increase their flame,
 And haste to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THe Lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of voice
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretcht
 Towards Heaven, as if from Heaven her note she
 (fetcht.

So

So we retiring from the busie throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our Song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold *Prometheus*, flies
To light her Torch at *Gloriana's* eyes.

Those Sovereign beams, which heal the wounded
And all our cares but once beheld controul; (soul
There the poor Lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymphs scorn, of his fond passion cur'd
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone
(For life it had, and like those jewels shone;)
He held it dear, till by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the Lover as we Gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt Limb, away:
This makes her bleeding Patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use:
Could Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?

Thus in a Starry night fond Children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the Sky;
Which though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one enclin'd,
Her bounty and compassion to Mankind :
To whom while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:

For Mercy has (could Mercies self be seen)
No sweeter look than this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the Miserable are made hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
Poor Sheep from tempests, & their Shepherds shields;
The Royal Bird possesses all the bows,
But shade and shelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next,
For which so oft thy fertile Womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
What vast hopes may these Islands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus descended are to reign?

Led by Commanders of so fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his Knight from some immortal Dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mothers eyes, he makes him yield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea ;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives such fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came ;
And our next *Charles* , (whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish) springs from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

May those already curst *Essexian* plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns
Prove all a Desert, and none there make stay,
But savage Beast, or men as wilde as they.

Three the fair light which all our Island grac'd,
Like *Hero's* Taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expos'd to the boisterous wind.

Ah cruel Heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray, (sought
With thousand vows and tears we should have
That sad decrees suspension to have wrought.
But we (alas) no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word at once like Lightning spread'
Strook all our ears, The Lady *Rich* is dead,
Heart rending news, and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue.
That death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the vertuous, and the young;
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand and veil so rudely torn,

Like

Like terror did among th' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed
All stand amaz'd, but beyond the rest
Th' heroique Dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,
Urging the promise to the obsequious given,
Of longer life; for nee'r was pious Soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful Eye at once might read the Race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her Face,
And sweet Humility; her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of Vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her Love was due,
So Fast, so Faithful, Loyal, and so True,

That

That a bold hand, as soon might hope to force
The ruling lights of Heaven, as change her course:

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here:

And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
(known,

Through the wide world we'll make her graces

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,

That all our Art and Power of speech is waste:

Here passion sways; but there the Muse shall raise

Eternal Monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,

Shall have occasion to recite thy name,

Fair *Sacharissa*, and now only fair:

To sacred friendship we'll an Altar rear,

Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,

Whereon a marble Pillar shall be told

The lovely passion each to other bare,

With the resemblance of that matchless pair,

Narcissus

Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the several parts of life,
A spotless Virgin, and a faultless Wife:
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing, part from thee
(Alas that such the last farewell should be!
So look't *Astræa*, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind:
Consent in Virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death does last.
For as your tears and sorrow-wounded soul
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.

Let dark oblivion and the hollow grave
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well chosen Love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the Skie:
Then grieve no more, that one so Heavenly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd;
Rather since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away:
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit,
We should suppose that some propitious spirit,
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

*To the Queen-Mother of France upon her
Landing.*

GREAT Queen of *Europe*, where thy off-spring
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy
As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt Britain's shore,
 As erst *Latoria* (who fair *Cynthia* bore)
 To *Delos* was. Here shines a Nymph as bright,
 By thee diselos'd, with like encrease of light.
 Why was her Joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
 Or why did you so much regard the wind?
 Scarce could the Ocean (though intrag'd) have tost
 Thy Sovereign Bark, but where th'obsequious coast
 Pays tribute to thy Bed: *Rome's* conquering hand
 More vanquish'd Nations under her command
 Never reduc'd; glad *Berecinthia*, so
 Among her deathless Progeny did go;
 A wreath of Flow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head,
 Mother of all that on *Ambrosia* fed:
 Thy godlike race must sway the age to come,
 As she *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
 Would those Commanders of Mankind obey
 Their honor'd Parent, all pretences lay

Down at your Royal Feet, compose their jarrs,
And on the growing Turk discharge these Wars:
The Christian Knights that sacred Tomb should ^{(wrest}
From Pagan hands, and Triumph o'er the *East*;
Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia's* Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In single combate; by their sword again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* slain;
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuscan* Muse exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

HEre, *Celia*, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Constancy,
And that I may successful prove
Transform my self to what you love.

Fool that I was so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise,
Fool that with such dull Arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance.

Against a Wind-mill our vain Launce.

Now will I wander through the Air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the Sea or Wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'r you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal Stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our Books,

But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any Art the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And therefore of the spacious Air
Joves royal consort had the care:
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold *Ixiens* rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud which he embrac'd.

Such was that Image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness which beguil'd
Your *Thirsis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Celia* caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success.
For in their story one (we see)
Pursues a Nymph, and takes a Tree:
A second with a Lovers haste
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But she that did a Virgin seem,
Posselt appears a wandring stream:
For his supposed love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And stands amaz'd to find his dear,
A wild Inhabitant of the air.

To these old tales such Nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new,
The Am'rous now like wonders find,
In the swift changes of your mind.

But *Calia* if you apprehend
The Muse of your incens'd friend;

Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same,
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain.
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure Lovers know,
Who, (like good Faulkners) take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jason, Theseus*, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told.
Such beasts and monsters as their force oppress
Some places only, and some times infest;
Salley that scorn'd all power and laws of Men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threat'ning with a rude
And savage race successively renew'd,

Their King despising with rebellious pride,
 And foes profess to all the World beside,
 This pest of Mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
 And through th' obliged world dilates his name

The Prophet once to *cruel Agag* said,
 As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
 So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
 Just *Charles* like measure has return'd to these,
 Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled Seas,
 With Ships they made the spoiled Merchant mourn
 With Ships their City and themselves are torn
 One Squadron of our winged Castles sent
 O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
 For not content the dangers to encrease,
 And act the part of tempests in the Seas,
 Like hungry Wolves these Pirates from our shore,
 Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish't Cattel bore

Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
 Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the Sea :
 Mad *Cacus* so whom like ill fate perswades
 The herd of fair *Alcmena's* seed invades ;
 Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
 Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid Thief,
Morocco's Monarch wondring at this fact,
 Save that his presence his affairs exact,
 Had come in person to have seen and known
 The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.
 Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
 Who in his Bark proportion'd Presents bears
 To the renown'd for piety and force,
 Poor captives manumiz'd and matches horse.

Puerperium.

YOU Gods that have the power,
 To trouble, and compose

All that's beneath your power,
Calm silence on the Seas, on Earth impose.

Fair *Venus* in thy soft arms,

The God of rage confine,

For thy whispers are the charms

Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline

Thou the flame,

Kindled in his breast can'st tame,

With that snow which unmelted lies on thine?

Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island rest,

Make Heaven smile,

That no storm disturb us, while

Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her nest.

Great *Gloriana*, fair *Gloriana*,

Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,

Whose

upon several occasions.

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Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose Royal Bed gives us
Both glory and peace.

Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

Of a Lady who writ in praise of Mira.

(known

WHile she pretends to make the Graces
Of matchless *Mira*, she reveals her own.
And when she would anothers praise indite,
Is by her Glass instructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man.

(ill charms,

Since thou would'st needs, bewicht with some
Be buried in those monumental arms:
All we can wish, is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

To Flavia Song.

TIs not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue,
'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make *Thirsis* heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.
No *Flavia*, 'tis your love I fear,
Loves surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him are
Headed with hearts;

Their

upon several occasions.

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Their very shadows makes us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

The Fall.

SEe how the willing earth gave way
To take th' impression where she lay.
See how the mould as loath to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave.
Close to the Nymphs stain'd garment; here
The coming Spring would first appear,
And all this place with Roses strow,
If busie feet would let them grow;
Here *Venus* smil'd to see blind Chance
It self, before her son advance,
And a fair Image to present
Of what the Boy so long had meant:
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The World into this order fall:

Thus

Thus the first lovers, on the clay
Of which they were compos'd lay;
So in their prime with equal grace
Met the first patterns of our race:
Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait,
How could he then support your weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole Heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of Silvia.

O Ur sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers cares :
She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Silvia the fair whiles she was kind;

As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now :

So when the Sky makes us endure
A storm, it self becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia's* self her name :
Lest she provoking Heaven should prove
How it rewards neglected love.

Better a thousand such as I
Their grief untold should pine and die ;
Then her bright morning over-cast
With fullen clouds should be defac't.

The Budd.

LAtely on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming Rose,
This early Bud began to blush,
And did but half it self disclose;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon:
All that was meant, by Air or Sun
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same inform's of love,
Of purest love and musick too
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:
When that, which life-less buds perswades
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

Upon Ben. Johnson.

Mirror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, induces
A remedy like those whom musick cures:
Thou hast alone those various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
So traced with thy All-resembling Pen
That what er'e custom has impos'd on men;
Or ill got habit, which deforms them so,
That scarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is represented to the wondring eyes
Of all that see or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in those Glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind:
And by the help of so divine an Art
At leisure view and dress his Nobler part.

Marcissus

Narcissus couzen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd him self with hate;
But Vertue too, as well as Vice, is clad
In flesh and Blood so well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't
Vertue with colours, speech, and motion gract:
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would expresse, a thousand Tongues must use;
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou could'st all characters impart:
So none could render thine, who still escapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of shapes,
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all, we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

To Mr. George Sands, on his translation
of some parts of the Bible.

HOW bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue

With the high raptures of those men,

Who here with the same spirit sung,

Wherewith they now assist the Quire

Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What-ever these inspired Souls

Were urged to express did shake,

The aged deep, and both the Poles;

Their num'rous Thunder could awake

Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent

To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow

Courage on thee, to soar so high?

Tell

Tell me (brave Friend) what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this Torch, thou hast climb'd higher
Than he who stole Celestial fire.

Chloris and Hilar. Made to a Sarabran.

Chl. **H**ilar, ô Hilar, why sit we mute,
Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring?
Wind up the slackn'd strings of thy Lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing:

For love thy Brest does fill with such a fire,
That whatso'er is fair, moves thy desire.

Hil. Sweetest you know, the sweetest of things,
Of various flowers the Bees do compose,
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink or Rose:
So love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

Chl. Hylas, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they use,
They would instruct us better in Love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Mule:
For Love their Breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

Mil. Chloris, this change the Birds do approve;
Which the warm Season hither does bring;
Time from your self does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted:
The Oak now resembles with lightning hath
(blasted

Under a Ladies Picture.

Such *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy*:

L

But

But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
 The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
 Or hope for Pity, but with silent moan,
 And better Fate had perished alone.

In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.

Pro.

STay here fond Youth and ask no more be wise,
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

Con.

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

Pro.

The vertuous joys thou hast, thou woul'st, should
 Last in their pride, and woul'st not take it ill
 If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy
 Thou awak'r, he wakes himself that does enjoy.

Con.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
 Be stiled vertuous, and the end not so?

Talk

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire.
 'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,
 But to sleep better; for who e're drinks deep
 Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himself asleep.

Pro.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
 And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloyes
 Who thinks he should be happier made for that
 As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
 By eating to a Surfeit, this once past,
 What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

Con.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy,
 But shall we starve, cause Surfeitings destroy?
 And if fruition did the taste impair
 Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
 Whose joys, just *Himen* warrants all the night,
 Consume the day too in this less delight?

Pro.

Urge not 'tis necessary ; alas ! we know
 The homliest thing that Mankind does, is so.
 The world is of a large extent we see,
 And must be peopled, Children there must be,
 So must Bread too ; but since there are enough
 Born to that drudgery, what need we plough ?

Con.

I need not plough, since what the stooping Hind
 Gets of my pregnant Land, must all be mine :
 But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not so ;
 For when *Anchises* did fair *Venus* know,
 What Interest had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
 Famous *Æneas*, or the present joy ?

Pro.

Women enjoy'd, what'eretofore they have been,
 Are like Romances read, or Scenes once seen :
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play much more
 Than if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Con

Con.

Plays and Romances read, and seen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not seen at all
Whom would they please? to an Heroick ta'e.
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

Pro.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Con.

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
Twould not be Heaven to those that now are there.

Pro.

As in Prospects we are there pleased most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint,
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

Con.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our light
 And nature blame for limiting our sight,
 Where you stand wisely winking that the view
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

Pro.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor
 He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

Con.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
 But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

*To a Friend of the different success of
 their Loves.*

THrice happy pair of whom we cannot know
 Which first began to love, or loves most now
 Fair course of passion where two Lovers start,
 And run together, heart still yoked with heart:

Successful

upon several occasions.

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Successful Youth, whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the first Essay.
Sure Love's an Art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst;
I with a different Fate pursu'd in vain
The haughty *Calia*, till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn,
Now she relents, but all too late to move
A heart directed to a Nobler love:
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more,
Now, than my vows and service did before:
So in some well wrought hangings you may see
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls
And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls.

L 4

They

They that are foremost in that bloody Race
 Turn head anon, and give the Conqu'rors chace;
 So like the chances are of Love and War,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
 In love the victors from the vanquish'd flie,
 They flie that wound, and they pursue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

They that never had the use
 Of the Grapes surprizing juyce;
 To the first delicious cup,
 All their Reason render up:
 Neither do not care to know,
 Whether it be best or no.
 So they that are to love inclin'd;
 Sway'd by Chance, not Choice or Art,
 To the first that's fair or kind,
 Make a present of their heart:

'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.
To Man that was i'th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the Skies,
He gazing toward the *East* did stand,
She entertain'd his Eyes,

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All those he can despise,
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise;

He neither might, nor wish to know
A more refulgent light;

For

For that (as mine your beauties now)
Implay'd his utmost fight.

To Zelinda.

FAirest piece of well form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth;
The power which you have o're us lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes:
None but a Prince! alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice!
Should you no Honey vow to taste,
But what the Master-Bees have plac't
In compass of their Cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall:
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:
The sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is spread;

But Vertues which in Parents shine,
Make not like progress through the Line,
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft those graces give
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led,
He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the Green:
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heroes* hence was given
A Pedigree which reach't to Heaven;
Of mortal feed they were not held.
Which other mortals so excell'd;
And beauty too in such excess
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no less.

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady Grove
 Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
 Caught with her Spouses shape and name;
 Thy matchless form will credit bring
 To all the wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays.

F*letcher*, to the we do not only owe
 All our good Plays, but all those other too,
 Thy Wit repeated, does support the Stage,
 Credits the last, and entertains this Age,
 No worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
 Could purchase Robes, to make themselves so fine
 What brave Commander is not proud to see
 Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry.

Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;
The impatient Widow e're the year be done,
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her Gown.

I never yet the Tragick strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid.

And when I venture at the Comick stile,
Thy scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus hast thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in Plays by rendring it to hard;
So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw,
The Bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation, and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny Yeomen of the Guard
Step in and toss the Axle-tree a yard
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest,
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

To Chloris.

C*hloris* since first our calm of peace
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,
 Your favours with your fears encrease,
 And growing mischiefs make you kind:
 So the fair Tree which still preserves
 Her fruit and State, whil'st no winds blows,
 In storms from that uprightness swerves,
 And the glad earth about her strows
 With Treasure from her yielding boughs.

*On St. Jame's Park, as lately improved by
 His Majesty.*

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
 Plants set by Heav'n are vanish, & the ground;
 Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate
 Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead

Instead of Rivers rowling by the side
Of *Eden's* Garden, here flows in the Tyde ;
The Sea which always serv'd his Empire, now
Pays Tribute to our Prince's pleasure too :
Of famous Cities we the Founders know ;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty ; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future shade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks :
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphion's* hand
In better order could not make them stand ;
May they encrease as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows !
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his Palace tall.
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The **Lovers** walking in that amorous shade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers side,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter slide.
Methinks I hear the Musick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the Notes,
Whilst overhead a flock of new sprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o're, and shrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath a shole of silver Fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges sides;
The Ladies angling in the Chrystal Lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
They make the Fishes and the Men their prize;
A thousands *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea-Nymyhs enter with the swelling Tide,
From *Thetis* sent as Spies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's Court,

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
 Or dead the Palat, here you may descry,
 The choicest things that furnisht *Noah's* Ark,
 Or *Peter's* sheet, inhabiting this Park:
 All with a border of rich Fruit-trees crown'd,
 Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
 Such various ways the spacious Allies lead,
 My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread:
 Yonder the harvest of cold Months laid up,
 Gives a fresh coolness to the Royal Cup,
 There Ice, like Chrystal, firm, and never lost,
 Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* Frost,
 Winters dark Prison, whence he cannot flie,
 Though the warm Spring his Enemy draws nigh:
 Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow
 High on the *Alps*, or indeed Caves below.

Here a well-polisht Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force imploy;
His manly posture and his graceful meen
Vigor and youth in all his motion seen,
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long:
No sooner has he toucht the flying Ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got
As from a smoaking Culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold Sons of earth that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the Sky;
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With such old Counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise;

Free from th' impediments of light and noise
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts employs :
Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes fates :
What Nation shall have Peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;
The World from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this Solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives,
The prospect thought and contemplation gives :
That seat of Empire here salutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themselves apply,
The structure by a Prelate rais'd, *Whitehall*,
Built with the fortune of *Rome's* Capitol ;
Both disproportion'd to the present State
Of their proud Founders, were approv'd by Fate ;
From hence he does that antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the sacred Gold ;

It gives them Crowns, and does their ashes keep,
There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep;
Making the circle of their Reign complete,
Those Suns of Empire, where they rise they set:
When others fell, this standing did presage
The Crown should triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that House where all our Ills were shap'd,
Th' auspicious Temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So Snow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and scatter'd cinders flie;
The distant Countrey in the ruine shares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain spares
Next, that capacious Hall he sees the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Justice come.
Under whose large roof flourishes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Pastor he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does Indulgence find;
The pleasures of his Youth suspended are,
And made a Sacrifice to publick care;
Here free from Court compliances he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples shade,
For mending Laws, and for restoring Trade;
Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd,
For Nations conquer'd, and our Bounds enlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising Kingdoms, and of falling States:
What ruling Arts gave Great *Augustus* Fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd such a name:
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Close by, suggest a greater argument,
His thoughts rise higher when he does reflect
On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
 Day for his sake could with the Night agree ;
 A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,
 Born, the divided World to reconcile :
 Whatever Heaven or high extracted blood
 Could promise or foretell, he will make good ;
 Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park from what it was before.

*To Sir William D'Avenant upon his Two
 first Books of Gondibert, written in France.*

THUS the wise Nightingale that leaves her home
 Her native Wood, when storm and winter
 (come,
 Pursuing constantly the cheerful Spring,
 To foreign Groves does her old Musick bring ;
 The drooping *Hebrews* banish'd Harps unstrung
 At *Babylon*, upon the Willows hung ;

Yours

Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No less in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilst unconcern'd you let your Countrey know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates
Which threatens Kingdoms, and disorder States.
So *Ovid*, when from *Cæsar's* rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muse to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he so sung, that we through pities Glass,
See *Nero* milder than *Augustus* was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
Th' indulgent Censure of Posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse do bring:
Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.
This to thy self. Now to thy matchless Book,
Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,
Like new stampd-Coin made out of Angel-gold
Such truth in Love as th'antique world did know,
In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy Theme, his Vertue or his Rage
Drawn to the Life in each elaborate Page.
Mars not *Bellona* are not named here;
But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear,
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-shin'd,
By the bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodolind*.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* Gods.
Whose deities in vain had here come down
Where mortal Beauty wears the Sovereign Crown,
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood
(Though not resisted) may be understood.

*To my worthy Friend Mr. Wase,
the Translator of Gratius.*

THUS by the Musick we may know
When Noble Wits a Hunting go
Through Groves that on *Parnassus* grow.

The Muses all the Chase adorn,
My Friend on *Pegasus* is born,
And young *Apollo* winds the Horn,
Having old *Gratius* in the wind,
No pack of Critiques e're could find
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here Huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse Dogs for scent or speed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What Arms to use, or Nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat or to tame,
With all the Mysteries of that game.

But

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In ancient times does differ far
From what our fiery battels are.

Nor is it like (since powder known)
That man so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of Beasts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no Comment, but a Text,
To tell how modern Beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Hester* does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think she did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbors, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force would sink;
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Giant Isle has got her Eye again;
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her Foes :
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder shall.

Princes,

Princes, that saw you, different passions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whose Conversation was their late delight.
So *Semele* contented with the rape
Of *Jove* disguised in a mortal shape,
When he beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd,
And though it be our sorrow and our crime
To have accepted life so long a time
Without You here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present Reign:
For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe's* Kings,
You know your work; Ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main:
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught;
So

So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern employ'd:
He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

This feat of Yours, from th' other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much suffering Monarch, the first *English* born,
That has the Crown of these three Nations worn.
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of Your own Soil, contended half an age?

Till (Your try'd Virtue, and Your sacred Word,
At last preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out so long,
Own'd their great Sov'raign, and redrest His wrong,
When straight the People, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And with a Noble rage their *KING* require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay.
No longer will from her old Channel stay,
Raging, the late-got Land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for Grace, and expiate their sin :
All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroid,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.

If then such praise the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot ;
What Glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd int'rests, has the knot unty'd,

And

And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise You, You ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untoucht Wall
Of self-demolisht *Jerico* so low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of Corn when Wind salutes the Field.

(ends,

Thus Patience crown'd: like *Job's*, Your Trouble
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were so firm a Rock,
What private Vertue could endure the shock?
Like Your great Master, you the Storm withstood,
And pitied those who Love with frailty shew'd.
Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal Race
Him with the Throne and dear bought Scepter grace,

That

That suffers best : what Region could be found,
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd :

The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how You combat Fortune now she's kind;
And this way too, You are victorious found,
She flatters with the same success she frown'd;
While to Your Self severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast Empire You possess the care,
The softer parts falls to the Peoples share :
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that banisht train,
Justice and Truth, with You return again :
The Cities Trade, and Countries easie life
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.

Your reign no less assures the Ploughman's peace,
 Than the warm Sun advances his encrease;
 And does the Shepherds as securely keep
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse inspired train
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again;
 Kind Heaven at once has in your Person sent
 Their sacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent——*

*To my Lady Morton on New-years-day,
 1650. at the Louvre in Paris.*

Madam,

NEW-years may well expect to find
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so
 Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you, (kind
 And make your Beauty as themselves seem new

To

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* prefer,
And fairest *Morton* now as much to her;
So like the Sun's advance your Titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.
But thus to stile you fair, your Sexes praise,
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bays:
From armed Foes to bring a Royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes:
If *Judeth* marching with the General's head,
Can give us passion when her Story's read,
What may the living do which brought away
Though a less bloody, yet a Nobler Prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a brand,
A brand preserv'd to warm some Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brother's part—
So *Venus* from prevailing *Greeks* did shrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and fav'd him in a cloud;

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the Portraict of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomly to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o're thrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallick shoar.

Born in the storms of War, this Royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous Air,
Though now she flies her native Isle, less kind,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the *British* Throne,
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

Strange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
In *Chlori's* fancy such mistakes,
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd

Her Servants have a task too hard,

The Tyrant has a double guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her sleeve

May boldly creep, we dare not give

Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave :

Contented in that Nest of Snow

He lies, as he his Bliss did know,

And to the Wood no more would go.

Take heed, (fair *Eve*) you do not make

Another Tempter of this Snake,

A marble one so warm'd would speak.

*To his worthy Friend Master E'velyn, upon
his Translation of Lucretius.*

That Chance and Atoms make this all

In Order Democratical,

Where Bodies freely run their course

Without design, or Fate, or Force.

In English Verse *Lucretius* sings
As if with *Pegasean* wings,
He soar'd beyond our outmost Sphere,
And other Worlds discovered there;
His boundless and unruly Wit
To Nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those Bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which she was before suppos'd
By moderate Wits to be enclos'd
Till his free Muse threw down the Pale,
And did at once dispark them all.
So vast this Argument did seem
That the great Author did esteem
The *Roman* Language, which was spread
O're the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This speaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And *British* Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Musick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.

Ovid translated, *Virgil* too

Shew'd long since what our tongue could do;

Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* spar'd,

Only *Lucretius* was too hard.

Lucretius, like a Fort did stand

Untoucht, till your victorious Hand

Did from his Head this Garland bear,

Which now upon your own you wear:

A Garland made of such new Bays,

And fought in such untrodden ways,

As no Man's Temples e're did Crown,

Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

Part of the 4th Book of Virgil Translated, beginning

———*Talesque miserrima fletus*
Fertque refertque soror———

And ending with,
Adnixa torquent spumas & cæcula verrunt.

ALL this her weeping Sister does repeat
To the stern Man, whom nothing could in-
(treat;
Lost were her Pray'rs, and fruitless were her Tears,
Fate and great Jove had stop'd his gentle Ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boisterous sound
Scatters his leaves, and strow them on the ground;
He fixed stands, as deep his root doth lie,
Down to the Centre, as his top is high.
No less on every side the Hero press,
Feels Love and Pity shake his Noble breast,

And

And down his Cheeks though fruitless tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his Soul.
Then *Dido* urged with approaching Fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate ;
Her resolution to dispatch and die
Confirm'd by many a horrid Prodigy.
The water consecrate for Sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amaz'd eyes,
The Wine to putrid Blood converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy Fleeces and fresh Garlands crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound.
Her Husband's voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls preface the ills to come.
Besides, the Prophecies of Wizards old
Increas't her terror and her fall foretold,

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems,
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad *Pentheus*, double *Thebes* appears,
And Furies howl in his distempered ears.

Orestes so with like distraction tost,

Is made to flie his Mothers angry ghost.

Now grief and fury at their height arrive,

Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.

Her grieved Sister with a chearful grace,

(Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)

She thus deceives. (Dear Sister) let us prove

The Cure I have invented for my Love.

Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies

The place where *Atlas* does support the Skies;

Hence came an old Magician that did keep

Th' *Hesperian* Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep;

Her potent Charms do troubled Souls relieve,

And where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve,

The

The course of Rivers or of Heaven can stop,
And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.

Witness ye Gods, and thou my dearest part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That Bed where I my ruine did embrace.
With all the reliques of our impious Guest,
Arms, Spoils, and Presents, let the Pile be drest,
(The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we
May raze the Man out of our memory;
Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred Rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of Grief her Sister thought
Would follow, than *Sychæus* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lie
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round;
So by her Self was her own Funeral crown'd.

Upon

Upon the top, the *Trojan's* Image lies,
And his sharp Sword wherewith anon she dies.
They by the Altar stand, while with loose hair
The Magick Prophetess begins her Prayer,
On *Chaos's*, *Erebus*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the Room
With drops suppos'd from *Lethes* Lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows
A Cake of Leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands,
One tender Foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited Love.
Now was the time when weary Mortals sleep
Their careful Temples in the dew of sleep.

On

On Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death like quiet, and deep silence fell,
But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:
A double passion in her breast does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her Soul, What shall I do?
With Fate inverted shall I humbly wooe?
And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or shall I, with the ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by sad experience known,
The perjur'd Race of false *Laomedon*?
With my *Sydonians* shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dye, and let this Sword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy bloud can quench this guilty flame.

Ah Sister ! vanquisht with my passion thou
Betrayd'st me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to *Sycheus* still,
And single-liv'd, I had not known this ill.

Such thoughts torments the Queens intraged breast
While the *Dardanian* does securely rest
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour, all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus*-seed ! Canst thou indulge thy sleep ?
Nor better guard in such great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to lose so fair a wind ?
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile Harbor shine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruine thine ;
He meditates Revenge resolv'd to dye,
Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her Fury flie.

This

This said, the God in shades of Night retir'd.

Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight agen;
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread,
What God foe're that thus vouchsaf't to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy Will obey,
Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious With that word
He cuts the Cable with his shining Sword;
Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
They quit the Shore, and rush into the Main;
Plac't on their banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

Of a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea.

NOW for some Ages had the pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun shine on half the World in
(vain;
While she bid War to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made dye.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the Earth lay waste.

From the new World her silver and her gold
Came, like a Tempest, to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Elector's hopes,
Alone she gave us Emperors and Popes;
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her *Indian* Mines.

When *Britain* looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded Majesty of *Spain*,

O

And

And knowing well that Empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin;
Our Nations solid vertue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the Worlds repose.

And now some Months incamping on the Main,
Our Naval Army had besieged *Spain*.
They that the whole worlds Monarchy design'd,
Are to their Ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red-cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a Rival on the Sea.
Others may use the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *English* make it their abroad,
Whose ready Sails, with every wind can flie,
And make a Cov'nant with th' unconstant Skie;
Our Oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching saw,

upon several occasions.

195

And hop'd their *European* Coasts to find

Clear'd from our Ships by the Autumnal wind;

Their huge capacious Gallions stuff with Plate

The lab'ring winds drive slowly towards their fate.

Before St *Lucar* they their Guns discharge,

To tell their joy, or to invite a Barge;

This heard some Ships of ours (though out of view,

And swift as Eagles to the Quarry flew:

So heedless Lambs which for their Mothers bleat,

Wake hungry Lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that Tragique play,

And with their smoaky Cannons banish day;

Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets;

And in their sable Arms imbrace the Fleets.

Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets flie,

And of one wound hundreds together die.

Born under different stars one Fate they have,

The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.

Bold were the Men which on the Ocean first
Spread their new Sails, when shipwrack was the
More danger now from Man alone we find ^{(worst;}
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind;
They that had sail'd from near th' Antartick Pole,
Their Treasure safe, and all their Vessels whole,
In sight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea.
What they would spare, our fiercer Art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise;
Once *Jove* from *Ida*, did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat shou'd found,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.

Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading, to the bottom went,
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports)
The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Courts.

Vain

Vain Man! whose Rage buries as low that store,
 As Avarice had dig'd for it before;
 What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
 From greedy hands lies safer in the deep,
 Where *Thetis* kindly does from Mortals hide
 Those seeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride.

And now into her Lap the richest prize
 Fell with the noblest of our Enemies,
 The Marquis glad to see the fire destroy
 Wealth, that prevailing Foes were to enjoy,
 Out from his flaming Ship his Children sent
 To perish in a milder Element;
 Then laid him by his burning Ladies side,
 And since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
 Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
 And *Phoenix*-like, in that rich Nest they die;
 Alive in flames of equal Love they burn'd,
 And now together are to ashes turn'd;

Ashes more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge Treasure which was with them lost
These dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
Suspend the Fight, and silence all our Guns:
Beauty and Youth about to perish finds
Such Noble pity in brave *English* minds,
That the rich Spoil forgot, their Valors prize,
All labour now to save their Enemies.
How frail our Passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care?
They that but now for Honour and for Plate
Made the Sea blush with blood, resign their hate
And their young Foes endeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive

Epitaph To be written under the Latine Inscription upon the Tomb of the Only Son of the Lord Andover.

TIs fit the *English* Reader should be told
In our own Language what this Tomb do's
Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lie (hold:
Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy;
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, Wit, and Breeding, to have show'd,
We had not found in all the numerous Rowl
Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater Soul,

His early Vertues to that ancient Stock
Give as much Honour, as from thence he took.

Like Buds appearing e're the Frosts are past,
To become Man he made such fatal haste,
And to perfection labor'd so to climb,
Preventing slow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd;
He's seldom Old, that will not be a Child.

*To the Queen, upon Her Majesties Birth-
day, after Her Happy Recovery from a
Dangerous Sickness.*

Farewell the Year, which threatned so
The fairest Light the world can show;
Welcome the New, whose every day
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless Beauty does repair

So fast, that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all she had before.
But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We that esteem'd You sent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Island giv'n,
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we Immortal thought,
We saw so near Destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure
And tremble yet, as not secure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Eclipse set free,
Th' Influence which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year:

But

But that which may Relieve our Care,
 Is that You have a Help so near
 For all the Evil you can prove,
 The kindness of Your Royal Love:
 He that was never known to Mourn,
 So many Kingdoms from him Torn ;
 His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,
 More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were:

For when no healing Art prevail'd,
 When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
 On your pale Cheek he dropt the show'r,
 Reviv'd you like a Dying Flow'r.

*Nunc itaque & versus & cetera ludicra pono,
 Quid verum, atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in
 (hoc sum.*

Instructions to a

PAINTER,

For the

Drawing of the Posture and Progress
of His Majesties Forces at Sea,
under the Command of His

Highness-Royal:

Together with the

Battel and Victory obtain'd over the

DUTCH,

June 3, 1665.

First draw the Sea, that portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is seen;
Here

Here place the *British*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vast floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:

Draw the whole World, expecting who should
After this Combat, o're the the conquer'd Main; ^{(Reign,}
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual Star,
Declare th' Importance of the' approaching War:

Make the Sea shine with Gallantry, and all
The *English* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whose early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in conduct show'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'rest draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cause.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage spread
Through the whole Navy, by that Heroe led;
Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glorious mind
Make the proud Sails swell, more than with the wind
Preventing

Preventing Cannon, make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame :
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their Prey,
Stop, when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him bestride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His consent, to use the Sea and Wind:
While his tall Ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the *Indies* in His armed Hand.

Paint an East-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuse of *Holland* for their Navies stay ;
Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold North, and Rocky Regions run,
To find the Coast where Morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* steers,
Confessing now, He dreads the *English* more,
Than all the dangers of a frozen Shore ;
While from our Arms security to find,
They flie so far, they leave the Day behind,

Describe

Describe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our first success in War, make *Bacchus* Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:

The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandy lose;
Disarm'd of that, from which their Courage grows
While the glad *English*, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great Leader drink the spoil:

His high Command to *Africk's* Coast extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *English* bend:
Those barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give;
Deserted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great business do;
False Friends chastise, and common Foes restrain,
Which worse than Tempests did infest the Main.
Within those *Streights* make *Holland's Smirna* Fleet
With a small Squadron of the *English* meet;

Like

Like Falcons these, those like a numerous Flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the Shock.

There paint Confusion in a various shape
Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:
Europe and *Africa* from either shore
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar;
While the divided world, in this agree,
Men that Fight so, deserve to rule the Sea.
But nearer home, thy Pensil use once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* shore;
The World they compass'd while they fought with
But here already they resign the Main: (*Spain*,

Those greedy Marriners, out of whose way,
Diffusive Nature could no Region lay,
At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempests lie,
Compel'd, like others, in their Beds to die;

Their single Towns th' *Iberian* Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,

And

And in a Month Ruine their Traffique more,
Than that long War could in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie?
The watry WilderNESS yields no supply;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Brittish* Court,
Th' Illustrious Dutches, and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, since the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop so fair,
Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare
Resolv'd the aid of *Neptune's* Court to bring,
And help the Nation where such Beauties spring;
The Soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new Valor from the Ladies Eyes:

Mean while like Bees when stormy Winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)

Desert

Desert their Ports, and falling in their way
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.

To check their Pride, our Fleet half victual'd goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our Foes,
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne're press'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night,
Th' impatient *English* scarce attend the Light.

But now the Morning, Heav'n severely clear,
To the fierce Worst Indulgent does appear;
And *Phæbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might see, and thus record the Fight:

As when loud winds from different quarters rush
Vast Clouds incountring, one another crush,

P

With

With swelling, Sails, so from their several Coasts,
Join the *Batavian* and the *Brittish* Hoasts.

For a less Prize, with less Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New:

At the first shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,
Nor Heaven, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her Visage change:

Where burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines, but that by which men die.
There *T O R K* appears, so prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to Him so many Ages told,
Has through the veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd

The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield,

And Arms had wrought, yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts and Darts, which the weak *Phrygians*
(threw

Our boldet Heroe on the Deck does stand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defensive Arms laid by, as useles here,
Where Massie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do
(tear;

Some power unseen those Princes do's protect,
Who for their Countrey thus themselves neglect.

Against *Him* first *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late Success against the *Suedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to perish by a Princes Hand:

The tall *Batavian* in vast Ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow sides,
Yet not inclin'd the *English* Ship to board,
More on his Guns relies, than on his Sword,

From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
 It miss'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it
 (griev'd)

Three worthy Persons from His side it tore,
 And dy'd His Garment with their scatter'd Gore
 Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
 More to be valu'd than a thousand Lives!

On such a Theatre, as this, to die,
 For such a Cause, and such a Witness by!
 Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
 To have his Blood on such an Altar laid?

The rest about Him strook with horror stood,
 To see their Leader cover'd o're with Blood;
 So trembled *Jacob*, when he thought the stains
 Of his Sons Coat had issued from his veins:

He feels no wound, but in his troubled
 (thought)
 Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,

His

His Friends in pieces torn, the bitter News
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eyes He views;
His Mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour, and their^r
(Truth,

The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives.

He storms, and shoots; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too slow;
They miss, or sweep but common Souls away,
For such a Loss, *Opdam* his Life must pay:
Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated Ship to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm:
His winged Vessel like an Eagle shows,
When through the Clouds to truss a Swan she

(goes;
The

The *Belgian* Ship unmov'd, like some huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the shock :

From both the Fleets Mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day,
Bullets their flight, and Guns their noise suspend,
The silent Ocean does th' event attend,
Which Leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the wars success;
When Heav'n it self for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;

Their new Commander from his Charge is tost,
Which that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct sway'd their Infant State.

His flight tow' rds Heav'n th' aspiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder strook,
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the *British* Admiral :

From

From her Broad-sides, a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun;
That bears the radiant Ensign of the day,
And she the Flag that Governs in the Sea.

The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire should thus prevent
The work which for His brighter Sword he meant,
Anger still burning in His valiant breast,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the rest;
So on the guardless Herd their Keeper slain,
Rushes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.

The *Dutch* accusom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black storms the frowns of Heav'n to see,
Never met Tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince His look appears;
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both those that Led, and those that gave them Aid;

Where He gives on, disposing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads His Brothers Cause so well,
He shakes the Throne to which He does appeal:

The Sea with spoils His angry Bullets strow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before His Ship, fragments of Vessels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcasses are born,
And his despairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas* where he lists to blow,
Makes Clouds above, and Billows flie below,
Beating the Shore, and with a boisterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea engage.

The *Dutch* elsewhere, did through the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *English* Courage growing as they fight,
In Danger, Noise, and Slaughter takes delight;

Their

Their bloody Task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by Death, or Victory:

Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like show'rs of Hail from either side are born,
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their Ruine, every Age
Improves the Arts, and Instruments of Rage;
Death hast'ning ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet Men still a thousand more invent.

But *Bacchus* now which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at first, to favour us begun;
Brandy and Wine, their wonted Friends, at length
Render them useles, and betray their strength:

So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raise themselves with moderate show-
(ers;

But

Nearer to *Holland* as their hasty flight
 Carries the noise and tumult of the Fight,
 His Cannons roar, Forerunner of His Fame,
 Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amsterdam*.
 The *Brittish* Thunder does their Houses rock,
 And the Duke seems at every door to knock;

His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
 Threatning Destruction, hastens their Despair,
 Makes them deplore their scatter'd Fleet as lost,
 And fear our present Landing on their Coast.

The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince
 (behold,

As Sheep a Lion leaping tow' rds their Fold;
 Those Piles which serve them to repel the Main,
 They think too weak His fury to restrain;
 What wonders may not *English* Valor work,
 Led by th' Example of victorious *T O R K*?

Or

Or what Defence against Him can they make,
Who at such distance does their Countrey shake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe :

Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the Deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Those Arms which freed them from the *Spanish*
(yoke.

Painter, excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you draw arm'd Heroes as they fit,
The task in Battel does the Muses fit ;
They in the dark confusion of a Fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the smoak and tumult of the Field.

Ages to come shall know that Leaders toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muses smile,
Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above Them set;
Like young *Augustus* let His Image be,
Triumphing for that Victory at Sea,
Where *Egypt's* Queen, and *Eastern* Kings o'rethrown,
Made the possession of the World His own.

Last draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treasure to supply His Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their King's Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Present to the Duke approve
His Valor, Conduct, and His Countries Love.

TO THE
K I N G.

(stand
GREAT SIR, Disdain not in this piece to
Supreme Commander both of Sea and Land:

Those which inhabit the Celestial Bower,
Painters express with Emblems of their Pow'r;
His Club *Alcides*, *Phæbus* has his Bowe,
Jove has his Thunder, and Your Navy You.

But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Represent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps You waking, to secure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades increase;
You for these Ends whole days in Council sit,
And the Diversions of Your Youth forget.

Small

Small were the worth of Valor and of Force,
If Your high Wisdom govern'd not their Course;
You as the Soul, as the first Mover You
Vigor and Life on every Part bestow,
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance cast,
Instruct the Artists, and reward their Haste:
So *Jove* himself, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Descends to visit *Vulcan's* smoaky Cave,
Teaching the brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terror, Wrath and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* discover'd Your abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that small Island they had look'd with scorn,
And in *Great Brittain* thought the Thunder born.

TO A
 Friend of the AUTHORS,
A Person of H O N O U R:

*Supposed to
 be the Lord
 Berkley of
 Berkley.* Who lately writ a Religious Book,
 iEntuled, *Historical Applications,
 and occasional Meditations upon several
 Subjects.*

BOld is the Man that dares ingage
 For Piety, in such an Age.

Who can presume to find a Guard
 From Scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?

Divines are pardon'd, they defend
 Altars on which their Lives depend:

But the Prophane impatient are
 When Nobler Pens make this their care.

For why should these let in a Beam
 Of Divine Light to trouble them;

And

And call in doubt their pleasing Thought,
That none believes what we are taught ?
High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
That such Men write what they believe :
And feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient Light.
Amongst these few our Author brings
His well-known Pedigree from Kings.
This Book, the Image of his Mind,
Will make his Name not hard to find.
I wish the Throng of Great and Good
Made it less eas'ly understood.

*To Mr. Henry Lawes, who had then newly
set a Song of mine in the Year 1653.*

V Erse makes *Heroick* Vertue live,
But you can Life to Verses give :

As when in open Air we blow,
The Breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low ;

Q

But

But if a Trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last:
So in your Ayrs our Numbers dress'd
Make a shril fally from the Brest
Of Nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While Love victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voice and Heart;
You by the help of Tune and Time,
Can make that Song which was but Rhime.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the Cause,
Or questions Verses set by *LAWS*.
As a Church-window thick with Paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with Division hide
The light of Sence, may Poets pride,
But you alone may truly boast
That not a Syllable is lost;

The Writers and the Setter's skill
At once the raviſht Ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And Gargle in their Throats a Song.
Content themſelves with *UT, RE, MI,*
Let Words and Sence be ſet by thee.

*Upon Her Majeſties New Buildings at
Somerſet-Houſe.*

Great Queen, that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chac'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And with a brave Revenge do ſhow,
Their Glory went and came with you.

While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houſes in that Storm o'rethrown
Thoſe wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you Pardon and Relieve:

Constant to *England* in your Love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Though by rude hands their Nests are spoil'd,
There, the next Spring again they build:

Accusing some malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War,
Your Kindness banishes your Fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this work supplies?
Can such a Pile from Ruine rise?
This like the first Creation shows,
As if at your Command it rose;

Frugality, and Bounty too,
Those differing Virtues meet in you;
From a confin'd well-manag'd Store
You both employ, and feed the Poor:

Let

Let Foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of Pride and Cost,
Of vaster Fabriques to which They
Contribute nothing, but the Pay :

 This, by the Queen her self design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind;
The State and Order does proclaim
The *Genius* of that Royal Dame,
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd,

 That the fair view her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields
Entring, Beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high;

 She needs no weary steps ascend,
All seems before her feet to bend,
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking pains to rise.

*On the Picture of a fair Youth taken after
he was dead.*

AS gather'd Flowers, whilst their wounds are ^{(new,}
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they ^{(grew,}

Torn from the root that nourisht them, awhile,
Not taking notice of their Fate, they smile.
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt them, show
Fairer than those that to their Autumn grow ;
So Love and Beauty still that Visage grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place:
Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely Features, which cold death has spar'd
No wonder then——
The rest is lost.

Epigram upon the Golden Medal.

OUR Guard upon the Royal side,
On the Reverse, Our Beauty's pride
Here we discern, the Frown and Smile,
The Force and Glory of Our Isle;
In the rich Medal both so like
Immortals stand, it seems Antique,
Carv'd by some Master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in Gold,
And Danae wond'ring at that show'r,
Which falling, storm'd her brazen Tow'r;
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it self had fail'd to pass,
Vertue's a stronger Guard than Brass.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

F Air Hand that can on Virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of Ink preserve it white,
whose travel o're that Silver Field does show,
Like track of Leveretts in morning Snow ;
Love's Image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought ;
Strange that your Fingers should the Pencil foil
Without the help of Colours, or of Oil ;
For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can
(make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake,
Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove
Like Southern winds, and makes it gently move
Orpheus could make the Forest dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing Copy which for many years had been lost.

Nothing lies hid from radiant Eyes,
All they subdue become their Spies:

Secrets, as choicest Jewels are
Presented to oblige the Fair,
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where Souls are caught:

The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, men say, The Goddess fate,
Was lost, till *Lilly* from your Look,
Again that Glorious Image took;

If Vertue's self were lost, we might
From your fair Mind new Copies write:
All things, but one, you can restore,
The Heart you get returns no more.

*The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in
the dark.*

Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira's* Charms;
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no advantage of the Eye,
Quit all that *Lilly's* Art can take,
And yet a thousand Captives make;

Her Speech is grac't with sweeter Sound,
Than in another's Song is found,
And all her well-plac'd words are Darts,
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.

As the bright Stars and milky way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by day;
So we in that accomplisht Mind,
Help by the Night, new Graces find,

Which

Which by the splendor of her view
Dazled before we never knew;

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her shining Image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers Night;

Like Jewels to advantage set,
Her Beauty by the shade does get;
There, Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,
All, that our passion might restrain
Is hid, and our Indulgent mind
Presents the fair *Idea* kind.

Yet friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in whispers, tell our Care;
He that on her his bold hand lays
With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays,
They, with a touch, they are so keen,
Wound us unshot, and She unseen;

f All near approaches threaten Death,
 We may be shipwrackt by her Breath.
 Lone favour'd once, with that sweet Gale,
 Doubles his Haste, and fills his Sail,
 Till he arrive, where she must prove
 The Haven, or the Rock of Love;

So we th' *Arabian* Coast do know,
 At distance, when the Spices blow,
 By the rich Odour taught to steer,
 Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of English Verse.

P Oets may boast [as safely-Vain]
 Their work shall with the world remain:
 Both bound together, live, or die,
 The Verses and the Prophecy.

But who can hope his Lines should long
Last in a daily-changing Tongue?
While they are new, Envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails.

When Architects have done their part,
The Matter may betray their Art;
Time, if we use ill-chosen Stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.

Poets that lasting Marble seek,
Must carve in *Latin* or in *Greek*;
We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like our Tide our o'reflows.

Chaucer his Sense can only boast,
The glory of his Numbers lost,
Years have defac'd his matchless strain:
And yet he did not sing in vain;

The

The Beauties which adorn'd that Age,
 The shining Subjects of his Rage,
 Hoping they should Immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his Love.

This was the generous Poet's scope,
 And all an *English* Pen can hope
 To make the Fair approve his Flame.
 Than can so far extend their Fame.

Verse thus design'd has no ill Fate,
 If it arrive but at the Date
 Of fading Beauty, if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as present Love.

*Sung by Mrs. Knight, to Her Majesty
 on Her Birth-day.*

THis happy day two Lights are seen,
 A glorious Saint, a Match'less Queen;
 Both

Both nam'd alike, both Crown'd appear,

The Saint above, the *Infanta* here:

May all those years which *Catherine*

The Martyr did for Heav'n resign,

Be added to the Line

Of Your blest Life amongst us here.

For all the pains that She did feel,

And all the Torments of Her Wheel:

May You as many Pleasures share;

May Heaven it self content

With *Catherine* the Saint.

Without appearing old,

An hundred times may You,

With Eyes as bright as now

This welcome Day behold.

*To his Worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgon's
upon his Translation of the
Venetian Triumph.*

THE winged Lion's not so fierce in Fight
As *Liber's* hand presents him to our Sight
Nor would his Pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud as *Businello's* Verse:
But your Translation does all three excell,
The Fight, the Piece, and lofty *Businel*:
As their small Gallies may not hold compare
With our tall Ships, whose Sails employ more Air;
So does th' *Italian* to your *Genius* vaile,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler Gale:
Thus while your Muse spreads the *Venetian* story,
You make all *Europe* emulate her Glory:
You make them blush, weak *Venice* should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend,

Shed

Shed Christian Blood, and populous Cities raze,
Because the'ye taught to use some different Phraze.
If list'ning to your Charms we could our Jars
Compose, and on the *Turk* discharge these Wars;
Our *British* Arms the sacred Tomb might wrest
From *Pagan* hands, and Triumph o're the East:
And then you might our own high Deeds recite,
And with great *Tasso* celebrate the Fight.

Epitaph.

Here lies *Charles Candish*: let the Marble Stone
That hides his Ashes, make his Virtue
(known:

Beauty and Valor did his short Life grace,
The grief and Glory of his Noble Race:
Early abroad he did the World survey,
As if He knew he had not long to stay;

R

Saw

Saw what Great *Alexander* in the East,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the West;
Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his Fame;
Where dark Confusion did the Nations hide,
And where the Juster was the weaker side.
Two Loyal Brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Imploy'd their Wealth, their Courage, and their Art;
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The Younger brought his Conduct and his Sword:
Born to command, a Leader he begon,
And on the Rebels lasting Honour won:
The Horse instructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North;
Where *Candish* fought, the Royalists prevail'd,
Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd;
The Current of his victories found no stop,
Till *Cromwel* came, his Parties chiefest prop;

Equal

Equal success had set these Champions high,
And both resolved to Conquer, or to Die:
Vertue with Rage, Fury with Valor strove;
But that must fall which is decreed Above.
Crommel, with odds of Number, and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
Which the said Issue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task to ruine both less hard:
So when the Bank neglected is o'rethrown,
The boundless Torrent doth the Countrey drown:
Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave,
Strow Bays and Flowers on his honoured Grave.

*Of Her Royal Highness Mother to the Prince
of Orange, and of Her Portraick writ-
ten by the late Ducheſs of York
while She lived with Her.*

HEroick Nymph, in Tempeſts the ſupport,
In piece the Glory of the *Britiſh* Court,
Into whoſe Arms the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or Sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your Bounty hear,
Will think you Miſtriſs of the *Indies* were :
Thô ſtreighter Bounds your Fortune did confine,
In your large Heart was found a wealthy Mine ;
Like the bleſ't Oil, the Widow's laſting Feaſt,
Your Treafure, as you pour'd it out, increas't.
While ſome your Beauty, ſome your Bounty ſing,
Your native Iſle do's with your Praises ring :

But

But above all, a Nymph of your own Train,
Gives us your Character in such a strain,
As none but She, who in that Court did dwell,
Could know such Worth, or Worth describe so well:
So while we Mortals here at Heav'n do guess,
And more our Weakness than the Place express;
Some Angel, a Domestick there, comes down,
And tells the Wonders he hath seen and known.

*To the Duchefs of Orleans, when She was
taking Leave of the Court at Dover.*

THat Sun of Beauty did among us rise,
England first saw the Light of your fair Eyes;
In *English* too your early Wit was shown;
Favour that Language which was then your own,
When, though a Child, through Guards you made
(your way,
What Fleet or Army could an Angel stay?

Thrice happy *Britain*! If she could retain
 Whom she first bred within her ambient Main.
 Our late-burnt *London* in Apparel new
 Shook off her Ashes to have treated you;
 But we must see our Glory snatch away,
 And with warm Tears increase the guilty Sea:
 No wind can favour us; how e're it blows,
 We must be wreckt, and our dear Treasure lose.
 Sighs will not let us half our Sorrows tell;
 Fair, Lovely, Great, and best of Nymphs, Farewell.

*Written on a Card that Her Majesty
 tore at Ombra.*

THE Cards you tare in Value rise,
 So do the Wounded by your Eyes:
 Who to Celestial things aspire
 Are by that Passion rais'd the higher,

*To the Dutchess, when he presented this Book
To Her Royal Highness.*

Madam,

I Here present you with the Rage,
And with the Beauties of a former Age;
Wishing you may with as great Pleasure view
This, as we take in Gazing upon you:
Thus we writ then, your brighter Eyes inspire,
A nobler Flame, and raise our *Genius* higher:
While we your wit and early Knowledge fear,
To our Productions we become severe;
Your matchless Beauty gives our Fancy wing;
Your Judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polisht, like Marble, shall like Marble last;
And make you through as many Ages shine,
As *Tasso* has the Hero, of your Line:

Tho' other Names our wary Writers use,
 You are the Subject of the *British* Muse,
 Dilating Mischief to your self unknown,
 Men write, and die, of Wounds they dare not own;
 So the bright Sun burns all our Grass away,
 While it means nothing but to give us Day.

*These Verses were writ in the Tasso of
 Her Royal Highness.*

T *Assò* knew how the fairer Sex to Grace,
 But in no One, durst all Perfection place:
 In her alone, that owns this Book, is seen,
Clorinda's Spirit, and her lofty Meen.
Sophronia's Piety, *Erminia's* Truth,
Armida's Charms, her Beauty, and her Youth.

Our Princess here, as in a Glass, do's dress
 Her well-raught Mind, and every Grace express
 More to our Wonder, than *Rinaldo* fought,
 The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

Upon

*Upon our late Loss of the Duke of
Cambridge.*

THE failing Blossoms which a young Plant ^{(bears,}
Engage our Hope for the succeeding Years:
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings
At the first Tryal to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an Essay,
That ruder draft the Deluge washt away:
How many Ages past, what Blood and Toil
Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle?
How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame
A perfect Princess e're her Highness came?
For Joys so great we must with patience wait,
'Tis the set price of Happiness complete.
As a First fruit Heaven claim'd that lovely Boy,
The Next shall live, and be the Nation's Joy.

Trans-

Translated out of Spanish.

THô we may seem importunate,
While your Compassion we implore;
They whom you make too Fortunate,
May with Presumption vex you more.

Of the Lady Mary, &c.

AS once the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A Royal Hero no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely Dame:
To her the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland* from prevailing Foes
Could so well free, himself does yield:

Not *Belgia's* Fleet (his high Command)
Which Triumphs where the Sun does rise,
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her conquering Eyes.
Orange with Youth, Experience has:
In Action young, in Council old:
Orange is what *Augustus* was,
Brave, Wary, Provident, and Bold:
On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,
Blossoms and Fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flow'ry Youth with wisdom Crown'd.
Empire and Freedom Reconcil'd,
In *Holland* are by Great *Nassau*;
Like those he sprung from, Just and Mild,
To willing People he gives Law.
Thrice Happy Pair! so Near Ally'd,
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;

Now

Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this Triple knot undo.
The Church shall be the happy place,
Where streams which from the same source run,
Thô divers Lands awhile they grace,
Unite again and are made one.
A thousand thanks the Nation owes
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his Neece bestows,
About our Isle he builds a Wall;
A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracles advice, of Wood:
Had theirs been such as *Charles* has made,
That mighty State till now had stood.

To the Servant of a Fair Lady. This Copy of Verses being omitted in the former Edition.

F Air Fellow-Servant, may your gentle Ear
Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
Than the bright Dames we serve; for her Relief
(Vext with the long expressions of my Grief)
Receive these Plants; nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her Train:
Thy skilful hand contributes to our Woe,
And whets those Arrows which confound us so.
A thousand *Cupids* in those Curls do sit,
Those curious Nets thy slender Fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of *Venus*, when the Ball she won,
Than that young Beauty by thy care is drest,
When all our Youth prefers her to the rest.

You

You the soft Season know, when best her Mind
May be to Pity or to Love inclin'd;
In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless Love durst never tempt the Ear
Of that stern Goddess: you (her Priest) declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair,
Rich Orient Pearl, bright Stones that n're decay,
Or polish'd Lines which longer last than they:
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the chearful Morn do's first disclose;
 (The shady Night removing with her Beams)
Wing'd with bold Love, I'd flie to fetch such gems:
But since her Eyes, her Teeth, her Lip excels,
All that is found in Mines or Fishes shells;
Her Nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but Immortal gifts her Mind should please:
The shining Jewels *Greece*, and *Troy* bestow'd
On *Spartan's* Queen, her lovely Neck diademed,

And

And snowy Wrists; but when the Town was burn'd,
Those fading Glories were to Ashes turn'd;
Her Beauty too had perisht, and her Fame,
Had not the Muse redem;d them from the flame.

*Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation
of Horace De Arte Poetica: And
of the Use of Poetry.*

Rome was not better by her *Horace* taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his
(thought;
The Poet writ to Noble *Piso* there,
A Noble *Piso* do's instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing Style,
And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Isle;
Britain, whose *Genius* is in Verse exprest
Bold and Sublime, but negligently drest.

Horace will our superfluous Branches prune,
Give us new Rules, and set our Harp in tune;

Dirè t

Direct us how to back the winged Horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Tho Poets may of Inspiration boast;
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his Fancy and his Judgment shows.
Chaste mortal writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no Wit can recompence:
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That sacred stream should never water weeds;
Nor make the Crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted Nature sow,

Well sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
Heroick Thoughts, and Vertue to infuse;
Things of deep sence we may in Prose unfold,
But they move more, in lofty Numbers told;
By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sence, perswades.

The Muses Friend unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that Err;
But where a brave, a publick Action shines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines.
Whether it be in Council or in Fight;
His Countries Honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great Acts he scatters, as a seed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed.

Here taught the fate of Verses, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd;
Men will be less indulgent to their Faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts:
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
Finding new Words, that to the Ravisht Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear;
Such as of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolisht Men their wild Retreats forsake;

Law giving Heroes, fam'd for taming Brutes,
And raising Cities with their charming Lutes:
For rudest minds with Harmony were caught,
And civil Life was by the Muses taught.
So wandering Bees would perish in the Air,
Did not a sound proportion'd to their Ear
Appease their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the Flowers, and to forbear the Spoil;
Preserv'd in Winter by their Summers Toil,
They give us Food, which may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that do's the absent Sun supply.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

Under this Stone lies Vertue, Youth,
Unblemisht Probity and Truth:
Just unto all Relations known,
A worthy Patriot, Pious Son.

Whom

Whom Neighbouring Towns so often sent,
To give their Sence in Parliament;
With Lives and Fortunes trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own,
Sober he was, Wise, Temperate;
Contented with an Old Estate,
Which no foul Avarice did increase,
Nor wanton Luxury make less.

While yer but Young, his Father dy'd,
And left him to an happy Guide:
Not *Lemuel's* Mother with more care
Did counsel or instruct her Heir;
Or teach with more success her Son
The Vices of the Time to shun.

An Heireſs ſhe, while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he juſt Gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo;

Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred and taught;
 So early made that path to tread,
 Which did his Youth to Honour lead.

His short Life did a Pattern give,
 How Neighbors, Husbands, Friends should live.

The Vertues of a private Life
 Exceed the glorious Noise and Strife
 Of Battels won; in those we find
 The solid Interest of Mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' Young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

Of Her Majesty on New-years Day 1683.

WHat Revolutions in the World have been,
 How are we changed, since we first saw the
 (Queen:
 She, like the Sun, do's still the same appear,
 Bright as She was at her Arrival here:

Time

Time has Commission Mortals to impair,
But things Celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry *New-year* find her still the same,
In Health and Beauty as She hither came;
When Lords and Commons with united Voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the Royal Choice:
First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole Nation lifted to the Throne.

With like Consent, and like Desert was crown'd
The Glorious Prince, that do's the *Turk* confound.
Victorious both; his Conduct wins the day,
And her Example chaces Vice away.
Thô louder Fame attend the Martial Rage;
'Tis greater Glory to Reform the Age.

A Presage of the Ruine of the Turkish Empire, Presented to His Majesty on His Birth-Day.

(Throne,
S Ince *JAMES* the Second grac'd the *British*
Truce well observ'd has been infring'd by none.
Christians to him their present Union ow,
And late Success against the Common Foe :
While Neighb'ring Princes, loath to urge their
(Fate,
Court his Assistance, and suspend their Hate.
So angry Bulls the Combat do forbear,
When from the Wood a Lyon do's appear.

This happy day Peace to our Island sent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for such a Glorious task
Than *England's* King, from Heaven we cannot ask:

 H^c

He Great and Good, proportion'd to the Work,
Their ill-drawn Swords shall turn against the *Turk*.

Such Kings, like Stars, with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with *Aspect* propitious to Mankind ;
Favour the innocent, repress the Bold,
And while they flourish, make an Age of Gold.

Bred in the Camp, fam'd for his Valor young
At Sea successful vigorous and strong ;
His Fleet, His Army, and His mighty Mind
Esteem and Rev'rence through the World do find:
A Prince with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a Peace;
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most Ambitious will forget their Pride ;
They that complain, will their endeavors cease,
Advis'd by Him incline to present Peace ;
Join to the *Turks* destruction, and then bring
All their Pretences to so just a King.

If the successful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, so great Applause do find;
Shall the next World less Honour yield to those
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose?
Next to that Pow'r, which do's the Ocean aw,
Is to set Bounds, and give Ambition Law.

The *British* Monarch shall the Glory have,
That famous *Greece* remains no longer Slave;
That source of Art and cultivated Thought,
Which they to *Rome*, and *Romans* hither brought.

The banisht Muses shall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to *Greece* return:
Thô Slaves, (like Birds that sing not in a Cage)
They lost their *Genius* and Poetick Rage;
Homers again, and *Pindars* may be found,
And his great Actions with their numbers crown'd.

The *Turk's* vast Empire do's united stand;
Christians divided under the Command
Of jarring Princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make their Int'rest one;
Peace to embrace, ruine the Common Foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Croissant low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising Sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun;
And this great day, so justly honour'd here,
Known to the East, and celebrated there.

Hæc Ego longævus cecini tibi maxime Regum:

Ausus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.
Virgil.

O F

Divine Love.

6. C A N T O ' S .

1. **A** *SSERTING the Authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.*
2. *The Preference and Love of God to Man in the Creation.*
3. *The same Love more amply declared in our Redemption.*
4. *How necessary this Love is to reform Mankind, and how excellent in it self.*
5. *Shewing how happy the World would be if this Love were universally embrac'd.*
6. *Of preserving this Love in our memory, and how useful the Contemplation thereof is.*

C A N T O .

C A N T O I.

THe *Grecian* Musc has all their Gods surviv'd,
Nor *Jove* at us, nor *Phæbus* is arriv'd;
Frail Deities, which first the Poets made,
And then invoc'd, to give their Fancies aid!
Yet if they still divert us with their Rage?
What may be hop'd for in a better Age?
When not from *Helicon's* imagin'd Spring,
But sacred Writ, we borrow what we Sing:
This with the Fabrick of the World begun,
Elder than Light, and shall out-last the Sun.

Before this Oracle (like *Dagon*) all
The false Pretenders, *Delphos*, *Hammon*, fall;
Long since despis'd, and silent they afford
Honour and Triumph to the Eternal Word.

As

As late Philosophy our Globe has grac'd,
And rowling Earth among the Planets plac'd;
So has this Book intitl'd us to Heav'n,
And Rules to guide us to that Mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions, how our Peace was made,
And is our Pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample Book we find;
But the less Volume do's exprefs his mind.

This Light unknown, bold *Epicurus* taught,
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought;
But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
As Fortune do's, or humane Wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred Yoke
And Band of all Society is broke:
What use of Oaths, of Promise, or of Test,
Where Men regard no God but Interest?
What endless War would jealous Nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear?

Sad Fate of Unbelievers, (and yet just)
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falshood and our shame.
To know our Thoughts, the Object of his Eyes,
Is the first step towards being good, or wise;
For tho' with Judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their Passion, Reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy;
His fear, to guard us from our selves, we need,
And sacred Writ our Reason do's exceed.

For tho' Heaven shows the Glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more Glorious in his Word;
His mercy this (which all his work excels)
His tender kindness, and compassion tells:
While we inform'd by that Celestial Book,
Into the Bowels of our Maker look.

Love there reveal'd, which never shall have end,
 Nor had beginning, shall our Song commend;
 Describe it self, and warm us with that flame,
 Which first from Heav'n, to make us Happy, came

C A N T O II.

THE fear of Hell, or aiming to be blest,
 Savours too much of private Interest;
 This mov'd not *Moses*, nor the zealous *Paul*,
 Who for their Friends abandon'd Soul and all:
 A greater yet, from Heav'n to Hell descends,
 To save, and make his Enemies his Friends.
 What line of Praise can fathom such a Love,
 Which reacht the lowest bottom from above?
 The Royal Prophet, that extended Grace
 From Heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space:
 The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought,
 Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote;
Heav'n

Heav'n was scarce heard of until he came down
To make the Region, where Love triumphs, known.

That early Love of Creatures yet unmade,
To frame the World th' Almighty did perswade:

For Love it was, that first created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude *Chaos*, and bestow'd new Grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some to rest here, and some to shine above:
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, were all th' Effects of Love.
And Love would be return'd; but there was none
That to themselves, or others yet were known:

The World a Palace was, without a Guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest;
One, like the Author, whose Capacious mind
Might by the Glorious Work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heaven, and give each Star a name,
With Art and Courage the rough Ocean tame;

Over

Over the Globe, with swelling Sails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know;
Make strongest Beasts obedient to his Will,
And serve his use the fertile Earth to Till.
When by his word, God had accomplisht all,
Man to Create, he did a Council call;
Imploy'd his Hand, to give the Dust he took
A graceful Figure, and Majestick Look;
With his own Breath, convey'd into his Breast
Life and a Soul fit to command the rest,
Worthy alone to Celebrate his Name
For such a Gift, and tell from whence it came:
Birds sing his Praises, in a wilder Note,
But not with lasting numbers, and with thought
Man's great Prerogative. But above all
His Grace abounds, in his new Favorites fall.

If he Create, it is a World he makes;
If he be ang'ry, the Creation shakes:

From his just wrath our guilty Parents fled;
He cur'd the Earth, but bruise'd the Serpent's head
Amidst the Storm, his Bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgins seed;
Tho Justice death as satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our Graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing Terror should his Image move,
He gives a Pattern of Eternal Love;
His Son descends, to treat a Peace with those,
Which were, and must have ever been his Foes;
Poor he became, and left his Glorious Seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His business here was happiness to give
To those, whose Malice could not let him live:
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
For us resolv'd to perish, he refus'd:

T

While

274 *Of Divine Love.*

While they stood ready to prevent his Loss,
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross.
 Immortal Love! which in his Bowels reign'd,
 That we might be by such Love constrain'd
 To make return of Love; upon this Pole
 Our Duty does, and our Religion rowle.
 To Love is to believe, to hope, to know,
 'Tis an Essay, a taste of Heaven below.

He to proud Potentates would not be known,
 Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
 Till Love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
 But Smoke will vanish, when that Flame breaks out
 This is the Fire, that would consume our Dross,
 Refine, and make us richer by the Loss.

Could we forbear Dispute, and practise Love,
 We should agree, as Angels do above.
 Where Love presides, not Vice alone does find
 No Entrance there, but Vertues stay behind.

Both Faith and Hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral Vertues, at the door remain;
Love only enters, as a Native there,
For born in Heav'n, it do's but sojourn here.

He that alone, would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others Love, as well as he:
Love as he Lov'd, how can we soar so high?
He can add wings, when he commands to flie:
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd,
He that examples gives, will give his Aid;
For he took flesh, that where his Precepts fail,
His Practise as a Pattern may prevail;
His Love at once, and Dread instructs our thought;
As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught;
Will for the Deed he takes, we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we Love, we please;
Weak thô we are, to Love is no hard task,
And Love for Love, is all that Heav'n do's ask:

Love, that would all Men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our Minds, as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this Love, they must with Weeds abound;
Unruly Passions, whose effects are worse,
Than Thorns and Thistles springing from the curse.

C A N T O IV.

TO Glory Man, or Misery is born,
Of his proud Foe the Envy or the Scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy in Extreme,
Base in himself, but great in Heav'ns esteem;
With Love, of all created things, the best,
Without it more pernicious than the rest.

For greedy Wolves unguarded Sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o're;
Mans boundless Avarice his want exceeds,
And on his Neighbors, round about him, feeds;

His

His Pride, and vain Ambition are so vast,
That Deluge like, they lay whole Nations wast;
Debauches and Excess, thô with less noise,
As great a portion of Mankind destroys.

The Beasts and Monsters, *Hercules* oppress,
Might in that Age, some Provinces infest;
These more destructive Monsters, are the Bane
Of every Age, and in all Nations reign;
But soon would vanish, if the World were blest
With Sacred Love, by which they are repress.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens Hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with Mortals dwell;
And a vext Conscience mingling with their Joy
Thoughts of Despair, do's their whole Life annoy;
But Love appearing, all those Terrors flie,
We live contented, and contented die;
They in whose breast, this sacred Love has place,
Death as a passage to their Joy embrace.

Clouds and thick Vapors which obscure the day,
 The Suns victorious Beams may chase away;
 Those which our Life corrupt, and darken, Love,
 The Nobler Star, must from the Soul remove:
 Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year,
 This brighter Sun moves in a boundless Sphere;
 Of Heav'n the Joy, the Glory, and the Light,
 Shines among Angels, and admits no Night.

C A N T O V.

THIS Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold,
 (Gold.)
 Tought with this Love, would be an Age of
 Not as they feign'd, that Oaks should Honey drop,
 Or Land neglected bear an unsown Crop:

Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap,
 None for himself, would either sow, or reap:
 Our ready Help, and mutual Love would yield
 A nobler Harvest, than the richest Field.

Famine and Dearth, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are, by barrenness of Hearts;
Some pine for want, where others surfeit now,
But when we should the use of Plenty know:
Love would betwixt the Rich and Needy stand,
And spread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand;
At once the Givers, and Receivers bless,
Encrease their Joy, and make their Sufferings less.
Who for himself no Miracle would make,
Dispens'd with for the Peoples sake;
He that long Fasting would no wonder show,
Made Loaves and Fishes, as they eat them, grow
Of all his Power, which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none, but to express his Love;
And such a Love would make our Joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude Nature awe
Love changing Nature, would prevent the Law

Tygers, and Lyons, into Dens we thrust,
 But milder Creatures with their freedom trust.
 Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouse,
 No force but Love, nor Bond, but Bounty, knows:
 Men, whom we now, so fierce and dang'rous see
 Would Guardian Angels to each other be:
 Such wonders can this mighty Love perform,
 Vultures to Doves, Wolves into Lambs transform.

Love, what *Isaiah* prophecy'd, can do,
 Exalt the Valleys, lay the Mountains low;
 Humble the lofty, the Dejected raise, (ways
 Smooth, and make strait, our rough and crooked

Love, strong as Death, and like it, levels all;
 With that possess, the great in Title fall,
 Themselves esteem, but equal to the least,
 Whom Heav'n with that high Character has blest.

This Love, the Centre of our Union, can
 Alone bestow complete Repose on Man;

Of Divine Love.

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Tame his wild Appetite, make inward Peace,

And Foreign strife among the Nations cease:

No Martial Trumpet should disturb our rest,

Nor Princes Arm, tho' to subdue the East;

Where for the Tomb, so many Hero's, taught

By those that guided their Devotion, fought.

Thrice Happy we, could we like Ardor have

To gain his Love, as they to win his Grave!

Love as he Lov'd, a Love so unconfin'd

With Arms extended would embrace Mankind.

Self-Love would cease, or be dilated, when

We should behold, as many Selves, as Men;

All of one Family, in Blood ally'd,

His precious Blood, that for our Ransom dy'd.

C A N T O VI.

THô the Creation, so divinely taught,
Prints such a lively Image in our thought,

That

That the first spark of new Created light
From *Chaos* struck, affects our present fight:

Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of Rising, than the day of Rest;
That ev'ry week might new occasion give,
To make his Triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a Sacred Charm
To keep his Blood, among us, ever warm;
And singing, as the Blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of Love.

But on so vast a Subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' Idea's of his mind?
Our Language fails, or if it could supply,
What Mortal Thought can raise it self so high?

Despairing here, we might abandon Art,
And only hope to have it in our heart;
But though we find this Sacred Task too hard,
Yet the Design, th' endeavor brings Reward;

The Contemplation does suspend our Woe,
And make a Truce with all the Ills we know.

As *Saul's* afflicted Spirit, from the sound
Of *David's* Harp, a present Solace found;
So on this Theam while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt, of Fortune: or of Age:
On Divine Love to mediate is Peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amaz'd at once, and comforted to find
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind;
The Soul contending to that Light to flie
From her dark Cell, we practise how to die;
Implying thus the Poet's winged Art,
To reach this Love, and grave it in our heart.

Joy so complete, so solid and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner Pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as Stars that must be gone,
When from the *East* the Rising Sun comes on.

*Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
 Sic nos Scriptura depascimur aurea dicta;
 'Aurea perpetua semper dignissima vita.
 Nam Divinus Amor, cum caput vociferari,
 Diffugiunt Animi Terrores: —————* Lucr.

*Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non Fama petita est,
 Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.
 Namque ubi mota calent Sacra mea Pectora Musa,
 Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est.*

De Trist.

O F

Divine Poesie,

TWO CANTO'S,

*Occasioned upon sight of the 53d Chapter of Isaiah,
turn'd into Verse by Mrs. Wharton.*

CANTO I.

Poets we prize, when in their Verse we find
 Some great employment of a worthy mind.
 Angels have been inquisitive to know,
 The Secret, which this Oracle does show.

What

What was come to *Isaiah* did declare,
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the Wounds, which to the Reader's view
She draws so lively, that they Bleed anew.

As Ivy thrives, which on the Oak takes hold,
So with the Prophets may her lines grow old;
If they should die, who can the World forgive?
Such pious Lines! when wanton *Sapho's* live.
Who with his Breath his Image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a Nobler fire:
Not Love which Brutes as well as Men may know;
But Love like his, to whom that Breath we owe.

Verse so design'd, on that high Subject wrote,
Is the Perfection of an ardent Thought:
The Smoke which we from burning Incense raise,
When we complete the Sacrifice of Praise.

In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high,
For any Object, but the Deity.

What

What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?

A meaner Subject when with these we grace,
A Giants habit on a Dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the Product of our Muse,
Like that sweet Oil, above all private use:
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the Altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable Vein,
When dropt from Heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.

Of Bounty 'tis that he admits our Praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it raise.
For as that Angel up to Heav'n did rise,
Born on the Flame of *Manoah's* Sacrifice:
So wing'd with Praise, we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole Creation, by our Fall made groan,
His Praise to Eccho, and suspend their Moan.

For

For that he Reigns, all Creatures should rejoice,
 And we with Songs supply their want of voice.
 The Church Triumphant, and the Church below
 In Songs of Praise their present Union show:
 Their Joys are full, our Expectation long;
 In Life we differ, but we join in Song.
 Angels, and we, assisted by this Art,
 May sing together, tho' we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer Poems must
 No higher rise, than Winds may lift the Dust.
 From that they spring; this from his breath that
 To the first Dust, th' Immortal Soul we have: ^{(gave}
 His Praise well sung, our great endeavor here,
 Shakes off the Dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did first this way of Writing grace,
Convert with the Almighty face to face.
Wonders he did in Sacred Verse unfold,
When he had more than Eighty Winters told:
The Writer feels no dire effects of Age,
Nor Verse that flows from so Divine a Rage.

Eldest of Poets, he beheld the Light,
When first it triumph'd 'ore eternal Night;
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that Confusion into Order fell:
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The Work of the Creator and his Rest.
How the flood drown'd the first offending Race;
Which might the Figure of our Globe deface:

For new made Earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the Air :
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold
Early distempers make our Youth look old :
Our Days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruines of that World we dwell.

Strong as the Oaks that nourish't them, and high,
That long-liv'd Race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n : but we of shorter date,
Should be more mindful of impendant Fate.
To worms that crawl upon this Rubbish here,
This Span of Life may yet too long appear :
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a Noble Seat.
Which well observing, he in Numerous Lines,
Taught wretched Man, how fast his Life declines :
In whom he dwelt, before the World was made,
And may again retire, when that shall fade.

The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
As his and *Deborah's* triumphant Song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which governs the Cœlestial Quire.
Heav'n to the Pious did this Art reveal;
And from their store succeeding Poets steal.

Homer's Scamander for the *Trojans* faught,
And swell'd so high, by her old *Kishbon* taught,
His River scarce could fierce *Achilles* stay;
Hers more successful, swept her Foes away.
The Host of Heav'n, his *Phœbus* and his *Mus*,
He Arms, instructed by her fighting Stars.
She led them all against the Common Foe:
But he misled by what he saw below,
The Powers above, like wretched Men, divides,
And breaks their Union into different sides.

Noblest parts which in his Hero's shine,
May be but copies of that Heroine.

Homer himfelfe, and *Agamemnon*, ſhe
The Writer could, and the commander, be.

Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer ſtrain
Than all the Tales the boldeſt *Greek* could feign
For what ſhe ſung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage, and ſucceſs in fight.
A double Garland crowns the matchleſs Dame;
From Heav'n her Poem, and her Conqueſt came.

Tho' of the *Jews* ſhe merit moſt eſteem:
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater Theme.
Her martial Song deſcribes how *Siſera* fell,
This ſings our Triumph over Death and Hell.

The riſing Light employ'd the ſacred Breath:
Of the bleſt Virgin ^{and} *Elizabeth*
In Songs of Joy; the Angels ſung his Birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the Earth
Trembling we read; th' Affliction and the Scorn,
Which for our Guilt, ſo patiently was born.

Conception, Birth, and Suffering, all belong
Thô various Parts, to one Cœlestial Song:
And She, well using so divine an Art,
Has in this Comfort, sung the Tragick part.

As *Hannah's* Seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this Lady consecrates her Muse.
With like Reward may Heav'n her Bed adorn,
With Fruit as fair as by her Muse is born.

*Of the Paraphrafe on the Lords Prayer
Written by Mrs. Wharton.*

Silence, you Winds, liften Etherial Lights,
While our *Urania* fings what Heav'n indites;
The numbers are the Nymphs, but from above
Defcends the Pledge of that Eternal Love.

Here wretched Mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his Throne;
And how can he to miferable Men
Deny Requests, which his own Hand did Pen?

In the Evangelifts we find the Profe,
Which Paraphras'd by her a Poem grows;
A devout Rapture, fo divine a Hymn,
It may become the higheft Scraphim;
For they like her in that Cæleftial Quire,
Sing only what the Spirit does infpire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardou for Offences, pray.

*Some Reflections of his upon the several
Petitions in the same Prayer.*

I. **H**IS Sacred Name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound:
It was *Jehovah*, 'tis our Father now,
So low to us, does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow:
Psal. 18. 9.

He brought it down, that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our Ransom pay.

II. *His Kingdom come*: For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign:
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not Obedience to his Scepter bring;
Whose Yoke is easy, and his Burthen light,
His Service Freedom, and his Judgments right.

III. *His will be done*; In Fact 'tis always done,
 But as in Heav'n, it must be made our own:
 His Will should all our Inclination sway,
 Whom Nature and the Universe obey.
 Happy the Man, whose wishes are confin'd
 To what has been Eternally design'd;
 Referring all to his Paternal care,
 To whom more dear, than to ourselves we are.

IV. It is not what our Avarice hoards up;
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our Cup:
 Like new-born Babes, depending on the Breast;
 From day to day we on his Bounty Feast.
 Nor should the Soul expect above a day
 To dwell in her frail Tenement of Clay:
 The setting Sun should seem to bound our Race,
 And the new day a gift of special Grace.

V. *That he should all our Trespasses forgive*,
 While we in hatred with our Neighbours live;

Though

Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse our selves when thus inclin'd we ask:
This Prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our Souls as to the Sacrament prepare.
The Noblest Worship of the Power above,
Is to extoll, and imitate his Love:
Not to Forgive our Enemies alone,
But use our Bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all Temptations of the Foe,*
And those we may in several stations know:
The Rich and Poor in slippery places stand:
Give us enough, but with a sparing Hand:
Not ill-persuading Want, nor wanton Wealth:
But what proportion'd is to Life and Health.
For not the Dead; but Living sing thy Praise,
Exalt thy Kingdom, and thy Glory raise.

———*Favete Linguis*———

Virginibus Puerisque; Canto, Horat.

Of

Of the last Verses in the Book.

When we for Age could neither read nor write,
 The Subject made us able to indite.
 The Soul with Nobler Resolutions deckt,
 The Body stooping, does Her self erect:
 No Mortal Parts are requisite to raise
 Her, that Unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o're;
 So calm are we, when Passions are no more:
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting Things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
 Conceal that emptiness, which Age descries

The

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Let's in new Light thrô chinks that time has made
 Stronger by weakness, wiser Men become
 As they draw near to their Eternal home :
 Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the Threshold of the New.

Miratur Limen Olympi.

Virgil.

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